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THE ALT-RIGHT IS NOT ALL RIGHT

The Tea Party movement has morphed into what is known as the "alt-right"—the insurgency that nominated their hero, Donald Trump, and upset the ambitions of Jeb Bush, Ted Cruz, Marco Rubio and the rest of the GOP clown car. The alt-right hates the entire Washington establishment—especially beltway conservatives that they call "cuckservatives"—almost as much as they hate Democrats and the Left. And although the leading spokesmen deny it, virulent white racism, misogyny and hostility to immigrants are key strains in the movement.

The alt-right does have some common ground with the Bernie Sanders Left: They are against the free-trade agreements that have devastated blue-collar America, and they oppose the Neocon interventionist foreign policy that has wrecked the Middle East and cost a fortune in blood and treasure.

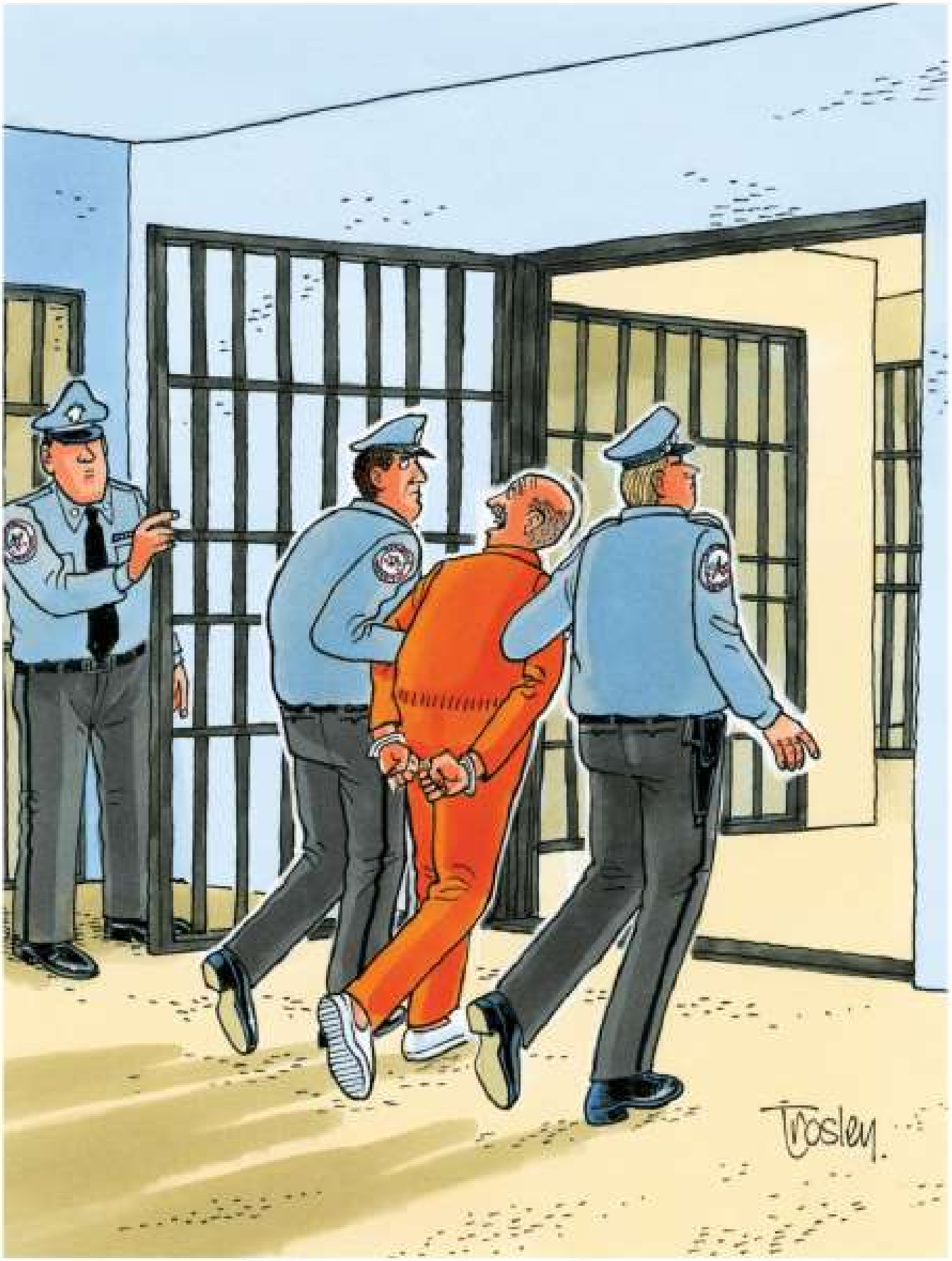
Unfortunately, the movement's main focus is on white-identity politics, at least since Steve Bannon took the helm at Breitbart News. In fact, the web news site now features a manifesto defining the true *conservative instinct* as: "a preference for homogeneity over diversity, for stability over change, and for hierarchy over radical egalitarianism," as well as "the preservation of their own tribe," meaning the white-male dominance guaranteed by their new strongman Donald Trump.

These are fascist sympathies, harnessing the anger and impoverishment of America's working middle class and directing it toward scapegoats—minorities, foreigners and women—instead of the real culprits: the plutocrats dominating our politics and blockading needed progress that could lift all of our boats, namely universal healthcare, raising the minimum wage and conversion to a green energy economy. The latter could solve our two biggest problems: It could mitigate climate change and curtail our reliance on foreign oil, the primary excuse for our bloated military-industrial complex.

The alt-right buys into the hysterical Trump fable that everything in America is now an out-and-out disaster, ignoring the fact that the economy has been growing steadily over the last few years, violent crime has been decreasing, millions of Americans now have healthcare and Obama averted a war with Iran by signing a historic nuclear deal.

The Democrats must now fully embrace the policies that Bernie Sanders forced into the platform. We must fight the free-trade agreements that eviscerate national labor and environmental laws, and put a stop to our endless foreign war machine so that we can focus on domestic priorities. Otherwise, there's a risk that more working-class Americans will defect to the alt-right's siren song of racial scapegoating. That's a divide-and-conquer strategy that can only benefit the corrupt corporate dominance of our country. If the 99% unify—and that includes all of us together, whatever race, gender or creed—we can bring about necessary change.

Larry Flynt
Publisher



"Isn't it the law that my political opponent has to get equal time?!"

KILL THE DEATH PENALTY

AN AFRICAN-AMERICAN TEENAGER DIDN'T PULL THE TRIGGER, BUT HE CAME CLOSE TO DYING IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.

Let's put the Christ back in Christmas by recalling that he was put to death following a sham trial. This is a fact I pondered after interviewing a former death row inmate named Gary Tyler, who was released in April 2016 after spending more than 41 years in Louisiana's Angola prison for a crime he didn't commit.

Tyler, an African American, was a 16-year-old student at Destrehan High School when he was accused of killing a young bystander during a racial disturbance back in 1974. Turmoil was rampant at the New Orleans suburb's previously all-white secondary school. Since 1969 it had been the site of demonstrations by parents and students opposed to the integration of Destrehan High brought about by the court-ordered busing in of black students from around the region. As *The New York Times* reported, "they were greeted with taunts, various forms of humiliation and violence. Some of the black students fought back."

After racial fights broke out on October 7, 1974, officials closed the school early, and black students boarded their buses, which soon came under attack by a mob of more than 100 angry whites, some throwing rocks and bottles. A shot rang out, and a 13-year-old white boy standing nearby was fatally wounded.

The black students were ordered to vacate their buses and then searched. Seeing his cousin being harassed by a sheriff's deputy, Gary Tyler protested, resulting in his arrest for disturbing the peace. Despite the driver's claims that the shot came from outside and that no weapon was found on the bus during a search the driver had witnessed, Tyler was taken to jail, brutally beaten for more than two hours and accused of the murder.

The authorities eventually "found" what they were looking for—on the bus transporting Tyler. The alleged murder weapon was a Colt .45 pistol reported missing from a firing range used by the sheriff's department, and after the trial it disappeared from the evidence room. Key witnesses who testified against Tyler later recanted, saying they had been pressured and terrorized by police into giving false testimony.

Tyler, represented by an ill-prepared attorney who reportedly had never before handled a murder case, was convicted by an all-white jury and sentenced to death by electrocution. In 1976 his sentence was commuted to life in prison without parole when the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that Louisiana's mandatory death penalty statute was unconstitutional. In 1981 an appellate court ruled that Tyler's trial had been unfair, and the Louisiana Board of Pardons three times recommended that he be freed, but no governor would grant him a pardon.

When the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that life without parole for juveniles was unconstitutional in 2012, it left it to the states like Louisiana to reconsider cases retroactively. In January 2016 the Court further ruled that juveniles convicted long ago could seek parole or reduced sentences. This enabled Tyler to plead guilty to manslaughter in exchange for prosecutors reducing his sentence to 21 years, half of what he had already served, leading to his release.

While in prison, Tyler was head of the drama club and directed a performance of a passion play about the life of Jesus. His actors included Christians, Buddhists, Muslims and Jews, as well as inmates from the nearby women's prison. The production became the subject of a documentary, *Cast the First Stone*, a lesson in redemption that supporters are working to get into theaters.

One inconvenient truth raised by Tyler's case is the disproportionate number of blacks not only on death row but in prison. African Americans comprise 13% of the U.S. population but nearly 40% of those incarcerated. In 2014, 6% percent of all black males age 30 to 39 were in prison, while only 1% of white males in that same age group were incarcerated. Although only about 5% of the planet's population lives in the United States, it is home to almost 25% of the world's prison population. Close to 7 million people were housed in U.S. prisons and jails or on parole in 2014.

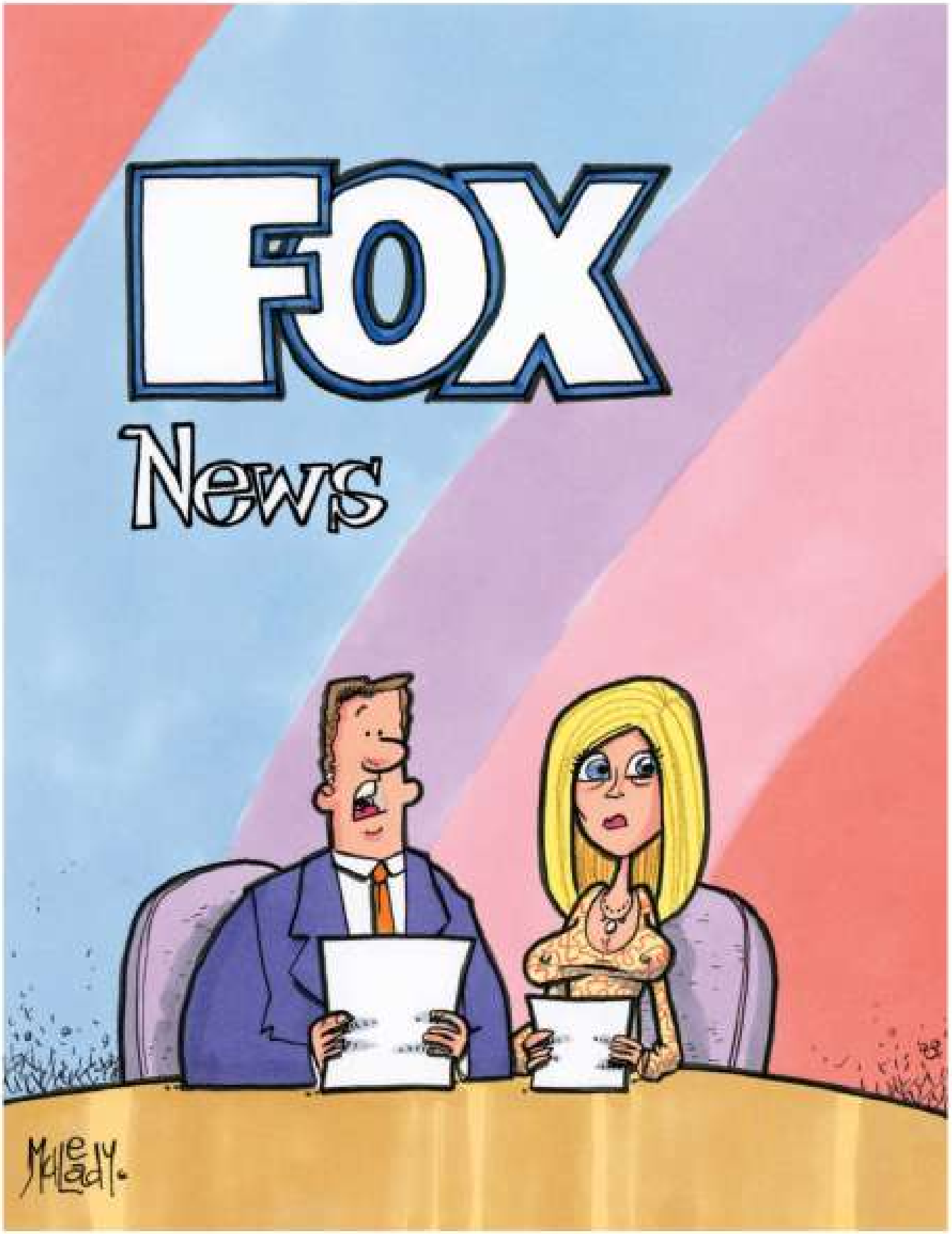
Writer Adam Gopnik wrote that "Overall, there are now more people under 'correctional supervision' in America…than were in the Gulag Archipelago under Stalin at its height." Many of those imprisoned have been convicted of victimless and nonviolent crimes.

Gary Tyler's case reminds us that not everyone on death row is guilty. A stark reminder of this was an event in Los Angeles for Death Penalty Focus, a group devoted to abolishing the death penalty. DPF's founder, actor Mike Farrell, introduced 19 men and women who had collectively served 399 years on death rows in U.S. prisons before being exonerated.

In this Christmas season let us heed the words of Pope Francis. Calling for a "world free of the death penalty," he proclaimed, "It is an offense to the inviolability of life and to the dignity of the human person; it likewise contradicts God's plan for individuals and society, and his merciful justice." H

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy*.

As your Terms in office come to a close, what would you say was your greatest accomplishment, Mr. President?
Not getting my black ass shot off by some fanatical, religious, right-wing nutjob!



"And now some news I never thought we'd ever report: 87% of Americans think Donald Trump is stupider than Sarah Palin."

DEA'S REEFER MADNESS

HIGH TIMES FOR THE LEGAL POT BIZ DESPITE A RIDICULOUS BLUNDER BY THE DRUG ENFORCEMENT ADMINISTRATION.

Legalized marijuana is a hit. The production, distribution and sale of medical marijuana is no longer prohibited in the majority of states, and even in those that have also legalized cannabis for recreational use, the worst fears of dead-ender opponents have gone up in smoke.

Take Colorado, where voters approved legalizing recreational marijuana statewide in 2012. Among the naysayer arguments was that socially accepted consumption of marijuana would lead to an epidemic of stoned kids. As it turns out, according to Colorado's Department of Public Health and Environment, the percentage of Colorado high-schoolers enjoying a Rocky Mountain High is now below the national average.

Colorado's first licensed retail pot shops opened in January 2014, and business has been booming ever since. Legal vendors' sales totaled around $700 million in the first year and almost $1 billion in 2015, according to the state's Department of Revenue.

Dan Riffle, a former federal prosecutor who spent six years as a key Marijuana Policy Project (MPP) analyst, told me, "There are people all over the spectrum who support [legalizing marijuana]. It's not your traditional left, right, center, liberal, conservative issue."

That's true even in the usually bitterly divided U.S. Senate, whose Appropriations Committee has again approved measures blocking the use of federal funds to penalize banks that work with state-licensed marijuana enterprises. According to MPP, many banks are still "unwilling to provide depository and other basic banking services to marijuana businesses because the substance is still illegal under federal law.... Forcing these companies to store that much cash anywhere other than inside banks raises significant public-safety concerns."

"They put it in a safe at the back, and they hope for the best," Riffle explained. "They pay their lawyers and their electricians and their plumbers with stacks of money. They pay their tax bill by having a Brink's truck come by and pick up hundreds of thousands of dollars and drive it to the local auditor's office. I've heard of dispensaries in Washington [state] that literally pay somebody 15 bucks an hour to spray cash with Febreze because they don't want it to smell like marijuana, because if they take it to the bank, the bank's on to them and they'll lose their checking account."

MPP argues, "Current federal laws are putting a bull's-eye on businesses that are operating legally under state laws, as well as their employees and customers. It's almost as if some federal officials want to see marijuana businesses get robbed."

Despite pot's wild popularity—at both the personal and political level—and record of safe use, not to mention eight years of generally progressive directives from the Obama Administration, federal law enforcement refuses to loosen the reins. In 2016, after pressure from pro-legalization advocates and elected officials on the right and the left to remove or at least downgrade marijuana's status as a Schedule I narcotic, the U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency once again refused to budge, meaning pot is still classified with heroin, LSD and Ecstasy. Yet cocaine, methamphetamine and opiates—all of which are illegal for recreational use—are categorized as Schedule II.

Marijuana, the DEA declared last August, "has a high potential for abuse" and "no accepted medical use." However, the agency did ease restrictions on federal medicinal studies, a move that Michael Collins of the Drug Policy Alliance lauded.

"Beyond rescheduling," he told me, "the number-one complaint from people who want to research marijuana has been the fact there is only one place to research marijuana [the National Institute on Drug Abuse at the University of Mississippi]. That has really slowed down research. So now [the DEA] will allow for multiple universities and private institutions to apply to actually grow marijuana for research. So that's a positive step."

Collins added, "Time and again you've seen the DEA as a rogue agency. It really is rotten to the core.... They're still fighting the drug war of Ronald Reagan and Richard Nixon.

"What we're seeing in Colorado is [that] once the state legalizes, everybody gets on board, and everybody says, 'Actually the sky hasn't fallen; this is not a terrible policy; this is actually fine.' Before they legalized marijuana, the opposition campaign was saying, 'We're going to have drug addicts in the streets! Nobody's going to show up for work!' And that's just not happened."

Collins couldn't have been more optimistic: "The question now for a lot of people isn't 'Should we legalize marijuana?,' but more 'When do we legalize marijuana?' The end is nigh, as they say."

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, radio host of the nationally syndicated *BradCast*, political commentator, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).

"No, Charlene...I still love to be dominated and abused, but we're through. I've simply joined the Republican Party."

STEVE BANNON

Desperate to make his clownish Presidential bid credible, Donald Trump hired a new CEO for the campaign last summer: Steve Bannon, who took a leave of absence from his post as chief of Breitbart News. It's just as well, since Breitbart was already acting as Trump's number-one mouthpiece in the media—Trump Pravda or Trumpbart, as some wags called it.

Bannon took over that shock shop in 2012 after its fire-breathing founder, Andrew Breitbart, died of heart failure at age 43. That's what unhinged rage and an unquenchable impulse for destruction will do to a man: The poison and bullshit he spewed boomeranged back and killed the source, just like it pole-axed that cynical asshole of years past, Lee Atwater.

Taking up Andrew's torch, Bannon went even further, turning Breitbart into the leading voice of the alt-right. The alt-right hates pretty much the entire political spectrum—Democrats, racial minorities, leftists, establishment Republicans (known as "cuckservatives"), feminists, the LGBT community, Jews, Muslims and immigrants—any human being outside the shrinking mainstream of lily-white, dumb-right males and females convinced that America is one giant disaster zone that only an ignorant, shoot-from-the-lip demagogue like Donald Trump can fix.

Bannon is the perfect sidekick for Trump. "He's a bully who has a very casual relationship with the truth," said former Breitbart public relations rep Kurt Bardella. "Trump seems to be running a campaign based on theater, propaganda and the absence of facts. That aligns perfectly with Steve Bannon."

Another Breitbart ex, Ben Shapiro, left in disgust along with six others after Bannon refused to back his own reporter, Michelle Fields, when she was allegedly manhandled by former Trump campaign manager Corey Lewandowski for edging too close to his hallowed tiltrer. Fields filed a police report against Lewandowski, and Bannon trashed her.

Shapiro is scathing about Bannon: He is "a bully, and has sold out Andrew's mission in order to back another bully, Donald Trump.... He is a vindictive, nasty figure, infamous for verbally abusing supposed friends and threatening enemies." This goes all the way back to 1994, when Bannon was brought in to manage the troubled, pseudoscientific Biosphere 2 project in Arizona. One of the original Biospherians, Abigail Alling, issued a statement criticizing safety in the Biosphere. Bannon called her a "bimbo," vowed to "kick her ass," and threatened to "ram it down her fucking throat." If that had actually happened, we think Abigail might have coughed slightly and wondered, "Did a fly get in my mouth?" (It's a biological fact that most bullies have dicks the size of Donald Trump's pinky finger.)

Working for Breitbart was "like indentured servitude," said another former employee, Dana Loesch, who had to sue to keep Bannon from trying to sabotage her employment elsewhere. He was just as vicious with his ex-wife, Mary Louise Piccard, vowing to threaten "every school" in which she enrolled their twin girls. About one such school, Bannon complained that it had too many Jews, according to Ms. Piccard: "He said that he doesn't like Jews and that he doesn't like the way they raise their kids to be 'whiny brats' and that he didn't want the girls to go to school with Jews."

While Andrew Breitbart truly despised racism, according to Shapiro, Bannon has turned Breitbart News into white nationalism central, with the comments sections now "a cesspool for white supremacist meme makers." Here's a typical one from commenter ResistandRebel: "It is hilarious how butthurt the feral negros are about a few dead mongrels! It is even more hilarious how butthurt they are all the time, even with affirmative action, all the free shit, and their own separate everything! LOL! I guess I would be too if my family tree was made up of a bunch of mongrel, spear chucking monkey losers!!"

Dear ResistandRebel: To research your own family tree, watch this movie (since you're probably too illiterate to read a genealogy chart): *Deliverance*. See the cross-eyed kid playing banjo and the toothless hick fucking Ned Beatty in the ass? That's your tribe of losers, bro! If you ever stop jerking off over the Confederate flag long enough, take a peek in the mirror and behold the last surviving remnants of Neanderthal.

Bannon first gained fame as a Hollywood producer of right-wing attack documentaries—sort of the Michael Moore of feverish conservatism, only without a shred of Moore's humor. *Battle for America*, celebrating the Tea Party, came out in 2010, followed by *Fire From the Heartland*, showcasing Michele Bachmann and Ann Coulter, and then *The Undefeated* in 2011—a biopic exclusively about Palin, designed to goad her into running for President in 2012. Maybe that would be Bannon's dream team: Trump and Palin in the White House together, turning it into a four-year-long sitcom of slapstick imbecility. According to *The Atlantic*, Bannon has argued that Palin, Bachman and Coulter pose "an existential threat to the Left." Let's see, Palin is now invisible back in Wasilla trying to control her white-trash family; Bachmann has retired from Congress to bake cookies in Minnesota, and Ann Coulter was actually banned from CPAC. Yes, the Left is terrified of these Three Stoogettes—like a 400-pound alcoholic with gout poses an "existential threat" to Usain Bolt. But thanks for the laugh, Steve.

Bannon produced another lame "blockbuster," *Occupy Unmasked*, that purported to tell the hidden truth about the Occupy movement in 2012—that it was secretly organized by Rachel Maddow, Amy Goodman, *Russia Today* and a band of "professional anarchists," all out to "destroy the very fabric of America." No, it was actually inspired by the magazine *Adbusters* and directed the righteous anger of the 99%—working and unemployed Americans whose jobs, homes, savings and livelihoods were devastated by the Wall Street banksters' grand heist and bailout in 2008. The alt-right hates Wall Street almost as much as the Left, so Bannon has changed his tune somewhat to please the Breitbart "hobbits," as he calls them, with condemnations of Wall Street's greed and corruption. But get this: Bannon, knight of the ailing white working class, was actually a fucking Goldman Sachs investment banker for six years! Yes, he's an alumnus of Goldman Sachs, the reigning Corleone family of the banksters mafia!

Bannon likes to slouch around in a casual T-shirt and cargo shorts, masquerading as an average Joe Sixpack watching NFL games on Sunday, but his real mission is to hijack the legitimate grievances of the proletarian alt-right crowd, just like the Koch Brothers hijacked the Tea Party movement and diverted it from focusing on Wall Street reform and higher taxation of the 1% to focusing on sexier hot-button issues—gay marriage and abortion.

Like Trump, Bannon is a shrewd huckster riding a wave of heartland discontent, without a clue about how to solve the nation's real problems or improve the lives of middle-class Americans. He's backed another lame horse for President, and now there's talk that he and Trump—the biggest asshole bromance in America—might expand Breitbart into a full-scale network to rival Fox News. Before he croaked, Andrew Breitbart actually called Bannon the "Leni Riefenstahl of the Tea Party movement." *The Apprentice* meets *Triumph des Willens*! We won't be surprised if there's a swastika in the new network's logo. H

BIG PUSSIES

Leave it to Donald Trump, aka Cheeto Jesus, aka The Face Without a Man, to ruin a perfectly wonderous word: *pussy*. In case you missed it (if you did, consider yourself blessed): A few weeks before the U.S. Presidential election, the *Washington Post* released a "hot mic" conversation between Trump and *Access Hollywood* dweeb Billy Bush, wherein Trump stuffs a box of Tic Tacs down his hog hole and tells Bush how great it is to be a "star" because you can "grab 'em by the pussy." 'em being women.

The mainstream media was left to confront its squeamishness over all the "bad words" used in this conversation, like *fuck*, *bitch*, *tits*, *boobs* and *pussy*. Some, like the *Los Angeles Times*, decided to use substitute words like *crotch* and *genitals*. Others, like CNN, Politico, Reuters and NBC, decided against censoring. Even the priggish *New York Times* broke down and printed the word *fuck* on its front page. Why, seems like yesterday when *The Times*' then senior standards editor Greg Brock was defending the Grey Lady's pointless compulsion to play it prim: "...*The Times* does not use such references when they refer to things like Shut the F*ck Up. Just last week we omitted a full reference to WTF (What the F—). Instead, we noted that we were referring to a podcast by Marc Maron...we feel some obligation to try to maintain *The Times* as a respectable publication and respect all of our readers." Guess Donald fucked that up! The man might have wanted to build a wall, but brothers and sisters, maybe he'll be remembered for tearing down the wall of glorious invective. By far, though, the best reaction to the pussy problem came from Russian Foreign Minister Sergey Lavrov. When asked by CNN's Christiane Amanpour for his opinion of "Donald Trump's pussy riot moment," Lavrov replied, "There are so many pussies around your presidential campaigns on both sides that I prefer not to comment on this."

MISSISSIPPI MUD

Three cheers for the five bufuing freedom fighters who recently filed a federal class action lawsuit against Mississippi for its ass-backwards sodomy laws. (What is sodomy? We're glad you asked! Strictly speaking, *sodomy* defines certain sex acts, say anal, oral and bestiality, as criminal. Generally speaking, it refers to anal intercourse—if you're English, *buggery*, and for anyone else, *buff-fucking*.) According to *Courthouse News Service*, the lawsuit challenges anal-sex sodomy convictions that require the plaintiffs to register as sex offenders.

By 2002, 36 states had either repealed all sodomy laws or had them overturned by court rulings, and less than a year later, in *Lawrence v. Texas*, the U.S. Supreme Court voted 6-3 to overturn, by extension, all sodomy laws, ruling that consensual sex between adults is a constitutionally protected liberty. "Their right to liberty under the Due Process Clause gives them the full right to engage in their conduct without intervention of the government," wrote Justice Kennedy in the majority opinion.

But time sho'nuff moves slow down in The Magnolia State. "Despite this clear proclamation made more than a decade ago, Mississippi continues to enforce its criminal statute prohibiting sodomy," states the 29-page complaint, noting that registering as a sex offender causes humiliation and shame in addition to carrying significant housing and employment burdens. Mississippi Attorney General James Hood seems to relish shaming his constituents, noting in a statement that in order to "defend the constitutionality of [Mississippi's] sex offender registry," he plans to roll up his sleeves and present a "fact specific," "lengthy analysis" of each of the plaintiff's cases. Who knows if the named plaintiffs, who used pseudonyms in the lawsuit to protect their identities, will be able to hang in there while Hood plays proctologist. For a guy fighting to keep sodomy laws on the books, Hood sure likes sticking his head up his ass.

"It ain't what they call you; it's what you answer to." — W. C. FIELDS, ACTOR

LOVE IS A BATTLEFIELD

Sixty years too late for John F. Kennedy's *Profiles in Courage*, we pay homage this month to folks who've braved shame and humiliation to get themselves to the emergency room, after an initial failure to exercise what some might call "good judgment."

ONE FOR THE TEAM

Some women might be embarrassed about getting a huge vibrator absolutely lost up a rectum, but not Emma Phillips. The pretty blond 24-year-old English schoolteacher provided a sphincter-clenching blow-by-blow of the mishap on her Facebook page, along with thumbs-up post-op photos of herself. According to Emma, the incident occurred at some unknown point during a fuck session with her boyfriend. She went looking for her trusty vibrator, even glancing under the bed. But after leaning on her stomach and feeling it buzzing inside her, she suddenly realized that it was buried deep within her rectal tomb. In vain, her boyfriend struggled to fetch the sex toy: "He tried a kitchen fork handle, which we won't be using again.... He tried BBQ prongs too." After an hour of futile heroics, the couple realized a hospital trip would be necessary. Thankfully, Phillips was able to turn this frightening event into a teachable moment for all of humanity: "I had to make the most embarrassing call to the ambulance at 7 a.m. The call handler said, 'Tell me exactly what the problem is,' so I had to tell him.... There is a big taboo about this, but it really isn't a big deal. You hear about people becoming really ill or even dying because they're too embarrassed to get help—I would hate that to happen to someone."

BOTTLE ROCKET

Evidently, a man in Honduras missed Emma Phillips' Facebook post (see above). The 50-year-old dude got his dick stuck in a plastic bottle he was screwing, and he was too embarrassed to tell anyone. Finally, after four days, the bottle fucker got medical help, but some help: They chopped off his entire cock. In a warning that certainly did not come in time for this particular bottle fucker, Dr. Dennis Chirinos, the urologist who carried out the surgery, explained, "When you put your penis into a bottle, it causes a constriction in the blood vessels of the penis, and within four hours you can lose the penis. This is an embarrassing emergency. The situation with this patient is that he didn't get the medical attention in time, and this caused the penis to begin to decay and die completely." In short, that bottle was not worth the price of admission.

BROKEN BAT

According to *Tuoi Tre* news, a 59-year-old man was admitted to Binh Dan Hospital in Ho Chi Minh City with a swollen and bruised doodle. He told doctors that he was in the midst of a tantric fuck session when a "crack" was heard (by whom was not specified), coming from his erect penis. When his cock and balls started turning purple, he headed for the hospital, where an MRI showed a "tear and excessive bleeding." He was in surgery the next day. "The case of this 59-year-old patient is rare, occurring only once out of a thousand cases of broken penises recorded in medical literature," his attending doctor reported. But if something like this does happen, get your ass—and your prick—to the nearest hospital tout de suite. "Without timely surgery," observes *Tuoi Tre*, "the patient can suffer from a deformed and curved penis, erectile dysfunction, infected hematoma, arteriovenous fistula, formation of abscess cavities, pain during erection and even high rates of impotence." You had us at "infected hematoma."

"I love how we cuddle for hours after making love, don't you?"

"I once made love for an hour and fifteen minutes, but it was the night the clocks are set ahead."—GARRY SHANDLING, COMEDIAN

NAME THAT DICK(TATOR)

A. DONALD TRUMP

A true dictator—someone who can stay up all night verifying death sentences and deportation lists and still has enough giddy-up the next day to, say, rape his niece, hunt wild game and lead a national celebration in his own honor—doesn't come along often. It's difficult to recognize shit we don't encounter every day, but seeing as how the U.S. is about to empower its own depraved megalomaniac, a little practice couldn't hurt.

B. IDI AMIN DADA

C. VLADIMIR PUTIN

D. AUGUSTO PINOCHET

E. JOSEPH STALIN

F. ADOLF HITLER

Can you match these quotes to the correct dictator? (Hint: None of the answers are Rosie O'Donnell.) Simply place the letter of the asshole above in the box to the right of the quote. Ten randomly drawn correct respondents will receive copies of our XXX hit *The Donald*.

1. "I myself consider myself the most powerful figure in the world."
2. "I'm not a dictator. It's just that I have a grumpy face."
3. "Sometimes it is necessary to be lonely in order to prove that you are right."
4. "I can be a killer and a nice guy."
5. "I use emotion for the many and reserve reason for the few."
6. "Make the lie big, make it simple, keep saying it, and eventually they will believe it."
7. "The people who cast votes decide nothing. The people who count the votes decide everything."
8. "If somebody tries to push me around, he's going to pay a price."
9. "Strength lies not in defense, but in attack."
10. "Sometimes people mistake the way I talk for what I am thinking."

NAME:

ADDRESS:

PHONE NUMBER: EMAIL:

RULES: No purchase necessary. Must be 18 or older to enter. Email your entry to HUSTLER@lfp.com (be sure to type "Name That Dictator" in the subject line); or mail your letter to Name Contest, c/o HUSTLER Magazine, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Ten winning entries will be selected at random from submissions with 100% correct responses. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Your entry must be postmarked by January 30, 2017. Please remember to include your full name, address and phone number. **Be sure to read the contest rules carefully!** All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the number of correctly answered entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winners by email or mail, and will mail the winners a copy of HUSTLER's parody video *The Donald* at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The contest is open to anyone 18 years of age or older, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household.

"My country is the world, and my religion is to do good." — THOMAS PAINE, FOUNDING FATHER, U.S.

PHOTOS COURTESY ZORAN MILICH/ALAMY, MARION KAPLAN/ALAMY, PICTORIAL PRESS LTD/ALAMY, MARKA/ALAMY

SO, WHAT MADE YA START SINGING THE BLUES? DID YA WOMAN LEAVE YA?
YEAH, SHE LEFT ME. BUT I DIDN'T START SINGING THE BLUES TILL THE BITCH CAME BACK.
WINNER

WE LOOOOOVE EATING THAT SWEET PUSSY...
...ESPECIALLY WITH YOU THERE...
1-800-LESBIANS
SO CALL US NOW!
...WATCHING, STROKING IT FOR US!!!
$0.99-$2.99 per/min. Premium and access fees may apply. Adults 18+.

1-800-SUCK-DICK!
YOUR COCK: MY MOUTH!
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OMG, IT HURTS SO GOOD!
1-800
ANAL-SEX
2 6 2 5 7 3 9

COME PLAY WITH THESE...
1-800
BIG
2 4 4
TITS
8 4 8 7
$0.99-$2.99 per/min. Premium and access fees may apply. Adults 18+. A0B1H

NOELLE MONIQUE

DEVIL-MAY-CARE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
HERB KING

I'm a free spirit. I've been known to test people's patience just for fun. I mean, if you tell me no, I'm gonna do it. When I was in high school, I was really shy, but now I'm so much more open. When I see a guy I like, I'll look over at him until he comes by and says hi. If I'm enjoying a kiss, I'll pop my tongue in. If I want more, I'll put his hands right where I want them.

"Some of my biggest turn-ons are kisses on my neck and lips and looking into a guy's eyes. In the bedroom, I think the most important thing is having a mirror. I love to see what's going on when I'm fucking—it's like live porn. I can't do fantasies. I don't like to think about what other people do. It's way more fun doing my own thing."

NOELLE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Riverside, California** | AGE: **20** | HEIGHT: **5-5**
MEASUREMENTS: **34C-24-29** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy!**

A BAD DAY BY ASA AKIRA

EXCERPTED FROM ASA'S MUST-READ NEW BOOK

DIRTY THIRTY: A MEMOIR

I was supposed to fuck my husband that day. To be more precise, I was supposed to fuck my husband that day for money.

It was the first day on the set for my new showcase movie, title yet to be determined. I had shot numerous showcase movies before, but this one was different, because months prior, we had put out a call on social media:

Thinking of doing a "fan request" movie.... Is there anything you've been dying to see me do? Types of scenes/outfits/girls/guys?

It was not a groundbreaking idea; reaching out to fans for requests was something that had been done many times before. But it was my first time. Answers started to come in right away, and by the end of the day, it was clear what the frontrunners were: hardcore anal, black guys, blowbang, lesbian scene with Kendra Lust, Harajuku Girl outfit, double penetration. ("Fuck me" and "Shut up and show me your asshole" were popular answers as well, but we decided not to go with them.) >>

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY SIR RON

For my hardcore anal scene, I chose my husband Toni to work with. Upon hearing this, one might think I took the easy route—what could be less work than fucking my own husband? But one would be mistaken. When I worked with Toni, I was his ragdoll. He was the one I could submit to best: no holes barred. Toni is insane when the camera is rolling—by the time the director yells "Cut," I am so sore that I need to rest for an hour before I can drive myself home. A scene with him guaranteed me three sore holes, multiple bruises and a genuine feeling of "What the fuck just happened; why was there a foot in my vagina?"

A SCENE WITH HIM GUARANTEED ME THREE SORE HOLES, MULTIPLE BRUISES AND A GENUINE FEELING OF "WHAT THE FUCK JUST HAPPENED; WHY WAS THERE A FOOT IN MY VAGINA?" AND I LIKED IT.

And I liked it.

That's not to say our home sex was like this. Off camera, we fucked like any other normal couple: For two minutes, in the missionary position, ending in a cream pie where I ran off to pee his cum out before either of us could say "married sex." Porn sex, for both of us, was our fantasy sex. It was the dirty secret you couldn't tell your wife. Except instead of a secret, it was packaged and sold for the whole world to see on their TVs and computer screens.

The day started off like any other shoot day. I woke up at 6 a.m., just as the sun was rising, to clean my asshole. What this entailed was me filling up an enema bag with a gallon of water, releasing the water through a tube into my anus, letting the water out, repeating for an hour, or until the water came out clear, whichever happened first. It was disgusting, it was unattractive, but that's what it took for an anal scene to be masturbation-worthy, unless, of course, you were making scat porn, which I have not. But no judging.

Somewhere around round three of filling up the enema bag, I noticed a commotion outside my bathroom. Above my bathtub is a giant frosted window my full height in both length and width, and on the other side is our backyard. The window is frosted enough that you can't see anything, but it's clear enough that you can tell when something is moving outside. I texted Toni.

Are you smoking in the backyard?

He replied right away, *Yes.*

Can you not, right now? I'm cleaning out so you can butt-fuck me later.

Toni and I are not morning people. For this reason, along with the fact that I crave my own space, Toni and I have separate bedrooms, separate bathrooms and separate offices. We don't see each other in the morning until we both venture into the common areas of our home, when we are both ready to start the day. We had not yet initiated conversation that day, and this was not a good way to do so.

I can't even see you, he texted.

I can see you moving and it's making me too shy to enema. Please, I replied.

Where the fuck am I supposed to smoke?

I don't give a fuck. I'm on a tight schedule. Just please.

I could hear Toni getting up and swearing in Spanish. I knew he was swearing because swear words were the only ones I understood in his native tongue. He slammed the door, and I sighed in relief. I felt bad to kick him out of a common area and to start his day like this—but he was crazy to think I was comfortable cleaning my insides out into a toilet while I could practically hear him inhaling his cigarette. I would apologize later when there wasn't a plastic tube in my asshole.

I spent the next hour on the toilet in a horrible mood. It was hard to get clean that morning, which sometimes happens, and I was running late—so I rushed out of the house without apologizing to Toni. I texted him once I was on the set in the makeup chair.

I'm sorry. I was in a rush, and you being RIGHT THERE wasn't helping.

He didn't respond. I texted him again when we started on my hair, this time using a term of endearment.

I'm sorry Papo...I love u.

Again, no response. Did I anger him that much? I didn't think my behavior was worthy of ignoring me...especially on a day when we were working together. Was he mad at me for something else? Had I done something earlier, maybe last night? I tried to come up with something, but I couldn't.

I wiggled around in the makeup chair, unable to get comfortable. Usually, I excelled at sitting still while my face and hair were done—makeup artists regularly complimented me on my ability to stay still. I attributed this to my yoga practice. "They teach us that if you can control your breath, you can control anything," I would proudly boast. But today, between the thought of Toni being mad at me and the fact that it had been hard to clean my asshole out, my anxiety would not let me be a stoic yogi. What if I wasn't completely clean? What if it got messy during the scene? What if I shit on my already-mad husband? I apologized to Lena, the makeup artist. "I'm having a weird day," I explained.

Before Toni was to arrive, the plan was to shoot a solo masturbation scene in my Harajuku Girl outfit. The wardrobe girl had put together an outfit with about 900 layers, complete with a rainbow tutu and ribbons in my pigtails. I looked in the mirror and thought I might be the oldest woman in the world at this moment wearing her hair like this. The colorful outfit did not reflect how I felt on the inside. I felt like a fucking clown: depressed and wearing the mask of a laughing face.

I sighed and sent Toni one last text before throwing my phone in my purse.

Why u ignore me? :(

"Okay, here are the toys. They're all washed, I'll leave them here on the table, and you can just choose whatever your heart desires once we're rolling. We don't need you to use all of them, but just do you, and we'll capture it." Jonathan was the director. As he said, he >>

had laid out ten or so sex toys, all different colors, shapes and textures. Most of them were pretty standard—vibrators, dildos, butt plugs. But there in the center were two ping-pong-sized glass marbles. I picked them up and looked at Jonathan. He shrugged, raising his eyebrows.

Was he challenging me?

We shot a striptease for an hour, where I drove the crew crazy by playing the same Katy Perry song over and over the entire time. "I want to make sure I stay on the same tempo!" I claimed, but in truth, I just loved the song. And the fact that everyone hated it somehow pleased me more.

Once the tease was shot, the music was turned off, and the crew quieted down.

"All right, are we ready to do this sonofabitch?" Jonathan asked the room. Everyone nodded. "Let's do this shit."

"Don't say *shit* on an anal day!" I panicked.

"Sorry, sorry I forgot. All right, everyone: No saying the S word on an anal day! All right, let's do this! Slate. . ." I clapped my hands, ". . .and action!"

"Do you wanna watch me fuck myself?" I asked the camera lens in a voice at least two octaves higher than my real voice. I drooled, letting my saliva drip down to my pussy, at which point I started to fuck myself with my hand.

Masturbating on camera is a lot different from masturbating in real life. Much like sex with Toni, the porn version lasted much longer. At home, it took me 30 seconds to get off; I'd squeeze my eyes shut, my face and body both contorting into weird shapes that I'd literally rather die than let the world see. Yet I always came harder when there was a camera on me. Maybe because I took my time, pacing myself, building an orgasm up for longer than half a minute—or maybe because people were watching, and I am an attention whore.

I went through every dildo, vibrator and butt plug, came with each one, and was relieved that my ass juices were

completely clear and free of color. If I could go through all of this without getting messy, the anal scene later was guaranteed to be clean as well. I looked down at the table beside me and saw that the only items left were the glass marbles. I had decided earlier these would be my finale. One by one, I put them in my asshole. I took a dildo I had used earlier and started to fuck myself. The plan was to fuck myself and let the marbles fall out as I did so. Whenever I orgasmed, my pussy and ass would contract, and I figured this would force the marbles out.

I fucked myself for about two minutes before I felt an orgasm building up. *Here we go,* I thought as I came, the insides of my two holes throbbing. I felt a marble come out and for a moment wondered if this is what orgasmic birth felt like. *Well, I'll definitely be doing THIS again,* I thought as I continued to fuck myself post-orgasm, waiting for the second marble to drop.

Five Minutes Later...

The fucking second marble had not yet made an appearance. I put my middle finger in my asshole to see exactly where it was, and to my horror, it felt like any other time I fingered my rectum, just flesh, no marble.

"Hang on, guys," I looked past the camera. "I can't find it."

"Okay, let's take five," Jonathan yelled.

I ran to the bathroom, grabbing my purse on the way to check if Toni had replied.

He hadn't.

Thirty Minutes Later...

The fucking piece-of-S-word marble was nowhere to be seen.

"Are you sure it didn't come out and you didn't notice?" Jonathan asked.

"Yes, Jonathan, I am sure."

"Are we sure no one saw the marble come out of Asa's butt while she was fucking herself?" Jonathan yelled across the room. "Anyone?"

Everyone shook their head, as I hung my own down in embarrassment.

"All right then," Jonathan sighed. "Let's just break for lunch. Honey, just try to relax for a few. You're probably tensing up, and I'm sure that's not helping."

I hated when people called me *honey*. For a moment, I hoped the marble would never come out so I could just go home and eat pizza.

I grabbed my phone and lay down on the sofa.

"You okay?" Lena asked.

"Yeah. Today is just really weird. I think I just need to not think about this marble right now."

"Yeah, a watched pot doesn't boil. Come here, I'll touch you up."

I sat back into the makeup chair and felt a pang of guilt and self-hatred. I had already been in this situation before—a few years back, I was shooting a lesbian anal scene where we stuffed each other with Chinese harmony balls. The cool thing about them is that once they're inside of you, they click against each other and the little bells in them ring whenever you move. As we started the scene, Annie had joked, "I hope they don't get stuck!" and ten minutes later, that was exactly what happened. The director had seen this happen before and calmly told me to just take a break and gravity would do its job. He was right.

"ARE WE SURE NO ONE SAW THE MARBLE COME OUT OF ASA'S BUTT WHILE SHE WAS FUCKING HERSELF?" JONATHAN YELLED ACROSS THE ROOM. "ANYONE?"

The fact that this was my second time with some kind of ball stuck inside of me was too shameful for me to reveal to anyone on the set. It was kind of like having two abortions: First time, shame on Chinese harmony ball; second time, shame on me.

It was turning out to be one of those days when nothing was going right, and why even bother trying, because everything was just going to go wrong anyway. I felt like crying, but instead I closed my eyes and held back my tears, for fear of humiliating myself further.

"My friend's actually a nurse in the ER," Lena said as she reapplied the foundation I had drooled off of my chin. "She always tells me about the crazy things people show up with stuck in their butts. One time, a guy showed up a with a Fiji bottle stuck in there."

"Does she think the Richard Gere thing is true?" I asked.

"I asked her the same thing. She says she's actually never seen anyone come in with a gerbil in their ass."

"Maybe people got scared after hearing about Richard Gere."

"I don't know, maybe. One time, I was fucking this guy..."

Just then, my phone went off. It was a message from Toni.

Sorry, I was in the gym. Don't worry, my love! Driving to you now, do you need anything?

And, right on cue, I felt my whole body exhale as if a Valium had just kicked in.

"Hang on," I interrupted Lena, and ran to the bathroom. I stuck my middle finger in my asshole.

There it was, the marble. I pushed, once again thinking of orgasmic births, and walked out onto the set.

"It's out!" I yelled.

"All right then," Jonathan cheered. "Let's finish this sonofabitch!"

We wrapped up the masturbation scene just as Toni arrived, and my whole mood changed—it was as if the day had started over again. >>

(continued on page 97)

ELLIE

SPONTANEOUS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JOHN EMSLIE

I want to practice international medicine and am working hard on my degree. I'm into guys who take everything in stride. I can get a little anxious, so I need someone to unwind me.

"Because I'm so busy with school, sex has to be completely spontaneous. Last semester I was getting my coat from a back room at a house party. There was this guy leaning against a pile of jackets, getting head. It was so dark, I couldn't make out his face. I just saw this hot girl and her mouth licking him. She looked up and smiled, but didn't exactly stop. I moved closer to the bed, and I guess I was staring. She said, 'I don't mind if you watch, but do you want to share with me?' I'm really not a threesome girl. At least I wasn't one. But I leaned forward and put his dick in my mouth. The girl and I sucked and licked and kissed, and he came all over our faces. I wiped my mouth, found my jacket and left. I never got their names. I remember being in the cab and thinking, *I should go back and meet them.* I've thought about that night a lot since then. It's one of my recurring fantasies."

ELLIE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Seattle, Washington** | AGE: **22** | HEIGHT: **5-4**
MEASUREMENTS: **34B-26-33** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Cowgirl**

HOT LETTERS

EVERY YEAR WE RECEIVE HUNDREDS OF STEAMY LETTERS FROM YOU, OUR READERS. HERE ARE A FEW OF OUR HOTTEST HOT LETTERS, THE BEST OF THE BEST. SO LOCK THE DOOR. WARM UP YOUR FINGERS OR YOUR FAVORITE TOY. GET COMFORTABLE. AND ENJOY.

HOW TO PICK UP WOMEN

She knew me as Ethan, a campaign manager for a politician who had just won a senate seat. The girl was wholly enamored with the world of politics. I'd learned that much before we'd ordered our second drink at the lounge. And so I became exactly what Angela wanted me to be. In pretending to play a leading role in politics, I fulfilled her favorite fantasy, and now that we were back in my hotel room, she was fulfilling mine.

With slow passes of her tongue, Angela lapped at my nut sac. She was kneeling behind me, and she mouthed each ball individually, tugging with her full lips, before rimming my asshole and jabbing her taster in deep. Fuck! Angela was 20, maybe 21, a junior in college, but I'll tell you what—her sex education was definitely complete.

I could feel her big titties rubbing against the back of my thighs. Now one hand came around, and her fingers played lightly over my shaft. My shooter was like granite. I looked over my shoulder to see the young, voluptuous blonde tongue-dicking my poop chute, and I thought to myself, *Life is good.*

Two years ago I was your basic traveling salesman, moving from town to town, accumulating more air miles in a week than most people do their whole lives. But sometimes I felt so damn lonely, I paid for outcall just to talk to women. Then one day I discovered a secret.

I was sitting in an empty bar in downtown Chicago, nursing a scotch, when all of a sudden dozens of young beauties rushed through the doors, clamoring for booze. I arched an eyebrow at the bartender, who grumbled something about a rock concert letting out down the street. Then I simply enjoyed the view for a bit—all those long legs and perky titties and barely covered young flesh—till a particularly stunning brunette mistook me for the band's record producer. I guess I really should have told her my true identity, but soon I had two blondes, the brunette and a redhead hanging on my every word—and buying *me* drinks!

But that wasn't the best part. The best part came later, when all four incredible babes followed me back to the room to give their "favorite record producer ever!" anything—literally fuckin' anything—his heart desired: supertight pussy, spit-drenched blowjobs, ball-busting anal. After three amazing orgasms, when my dick was finally too tired to rise, the girls formed an awesome lesbian daisy chain. I'd never seen anything so hot in my life!

SUPERTIGHT PUSSY, SPIT-DRENCHED BLOWJOBS, BALL-BUSTING ANAL—THESE GIRLS GAVE ME ANYTHING MY HEART DESIRED.

That's when I had an epiphany. I realized then that role-playing was the way to go. Find out what a woman's truly into, whether it's music or politics, fashion or Wall Street, and become a major player in that world for one night. Of course, it's better to pick a figure behind the footlights, like a producer or a campaign manager, someone whose image isn't splashed all over the internet and TV. In fact, your mark will screw you all the harder to get to her main goal, the actual musician, the actual politician, etc.

Okay, now that I've told you my secret, let's get back to Angela, the gorgeous blond Republican rimming my bunghole so eagerly. I couldn't help myself. I had to fuck this conservative beauty up the ass. As a Democrat, it somehow seemed appropriate, you know. I merely mentioned my desire, and there she was on all fours, her face pressed to the floor and her full, round tush raised skyward. Spreading her globes, I let saliva drizzle from my lips to her butt crack. Then I smeared it around her starfish with my prick cap and pushed.

It was slow going. I had a feeling Angela was an anal virgin, that's how tight her dirt chute was. Inch by pulsing inch I drove home, with the blonde moaning, "Jesus!" and then "More!"

With my nuts pressed against her buns, I started jacking her clitty button. Because, really, I'm not an asshole. I'd like my lover to come first before I take my own pleasure. Angela was soon screaming my pretend name as she trembled through a very real orgasm. Her pooper squeezed and released and squeezed my prick, and I was coming hard, filling her bung with so much jism, it seeped back out around my cock.

The next day found me on a plane, flying off to the next city, and I wondered what new role awaited me there. These days I love my job.

—W.L.
Hammond, Indiana

URINE LUCK! Warm, wonderful urine splashed over my titties and streamed in rivulets down my belly. As Rob's golden arc moved lower, I spread my legs wide. His pee was now raining down on my pussy bush. Droplets sparkled in my auburn curls. Using both hands, I pinned my cunt flaps. Then I held my breath in anticipation. The boy toyed with me a little, teasing my thighs with his spray before finally a direct hit.

His piss targeted my pink and clit, and I was coming. Heaven washed over me in waves. I fell back into the bathtub, into that golden pool, and felt complete, uninhibited bliss. So this was *kink!*

I had always been a fairly ordinary girl who played by the rules. You know, I worked nine to five, didn't get drunk on weeknights, paid my parking tickets on time, rarely called in sick. I didn't fuck on a first date and never, ever fucked without condoms. Then I met Robert.

He was just a boy I noticed one day at the gym while I was kickboxing. Robert was hard not to notice—sculpted arms and thighs and cute little handful butt cheeks. Thick raven-black hair. Nice cheekbones.

I masturbated thinking about him in bed that night. And the next day, to my delight, there he was at the gym again. We partnered up for a kickboxing session. It went really well, actually. It was like we encouraged each other to work harder. At the end of the hour he asked me out for that evening. It was a Tuesday night, and I was on deadline at the office. Still, Robert was way too hot to brush off till the weekend, so I gave him an enthusiastic "Yes!"

We started at a small bar at the beach for happy hour, with pitchers of delicious ice-cold lager. We ended up in Hollywood, stumbling through Madame Tussauds museum, snapping pics with wax celebrities.

I don't even remember what it was anymore—maybe Robert humping Beyoncé's butt—but something set me to laughing so hysterically, I peed my pants. I couldn't help it. Too much beer.

Embarrassment flushed my cheeks as I felt the wet spot spread on my jeans. It was dark in the museum, so I was hoping Rob wouldn't notice. He did. But strangely enough, his eyes lit up, and after that he was all over me, kissing, pawing, suggesting we head back to my place.

I was drunk and full-on in lust. If ever there was a time to relax my rules, this was it. It wasn't long before we were naked, in my bedroom, and that's when he mentioned his special kink.

I guess I should have been shocked, but I wasn't. I was more curious and anxious to please. We moved to the bathroom, where Rob gently settled me into my claw-foot tub and begged me to try to hold my water while he did his thing. That's where we came into this letter.

I could not believe how good it felt to have his golden urine coating my body. It was so liberating! My climax brought sweet release and, with it, my own gushing pee.

As soon as Robert saw my stream, he was hard and in the tub with me. Clutching my hips, he maneuvered me over top of him such that my piss was hitting his throbber full-force. It felt crazy good, empowering somehow.

While my waterfall was still going strong, his prick slammed right into my pissing pussy. His hips were bucking off the porcelain, and his cock was slamming my snizz deep, while my hot urine still gushed over his nut sac. It was erotic overload, vanilla sex times ten.

When my stream ended, I leaned down to bite on his nipples. Suddenly it occurred to me to reach back and plug the bathtub, to keep some of our kink with us to splash around in. The aroma was intoxicating.

Robert's long, hard cock was touching me where I'd never been touched. How the hell did he know exactly where my G spot was? When I started climaxing a second time, he lifted his piss-slick fingers to my mouth to suck. And finally he came with me, spurting bareback right into my pussy.

I still felt the warm glow as we showered, soaping and rinsing between passionate kisses. Then I asked Robert to sleep over. And come morning, I called in sick to work.

—A.L.
Marina del Rey, California

HIS PISS TARGETED MY PUSSY AND CLIT, AND I WAS COMING. HEAVEN WASHED OVER ME IN WAVES. I FELL BACK INTO THE BATHTUB, INTO THAT GOLDEN POOL. SO THIS WAS *KINK!*

MADAM X The feather trailed lightly up my body, tickling and tormenting my feet, my ankles, the inside of my thighs. It caressed my nut sac and kissed my erect fuckstick ever so briefly before continuing up my belly to toy with my nipples.

I was bound, naked and spread-eagle, on a hard metal table. Strips of leather tied my wrists and ankles to posts at the four corners of the table, and if I moved too quickly or struggled, the leather cut into my skin. My mind and every nerve in my body was focused solely on the tip of that feather brushing over my skin. It was sheer torture. And it was just what I needed.

The last month had been hell, what with budget cuts and layoffs. As human resources director of a midsize manufacturing company, it had been my job to decide who stayed and who went, and the stress was fuckin' killing me. After all, I had been promoted from within the company and had worked the production lines with many of our employees—the same employees who were now sitting across the desk from me, holding head in hands as I delivered the news that they were the latest victims of our latest downsizing.

Sleep started to completely evade me, and a nervous breakdown was right around the corner. That's when an executive friend of mine stepped in and invited me out for a drink. After about three or four Johnnie Walker Reds, he mentioned what he did to relieve stress, slipped me a card and told me he'd already booked me an appointment.

So there I was, at the mercy of a woman I knew only as Madam X or Mistress. Latex and leather covered every inch of her curves, save for her long, erect red nipples and her meaty cunt folds. She was tall and brunet and so voluptuous, I drooled around the ball gag stuffed between my lips.

Knocking on her door only 30 minutes earlier, I had been very nervous, until I realized that she expected absolutely nothing from me but obedience. All control, all decisions were wrested from my grasp, and it felt damn good to give in and discover the joy of true submission.

My pulse quickened when Mistress exchanged the feather for a cat-o'-nine-tails. A cruel smile tugged at the corners of her lips as she flicked her whip against my thigh, just below my scrotum. Fuck, that hurt! I could feel the welts rise on my skin. The knotted leather stung my stomach, my chest. The whip landed all over my body, again and again, until the pain blurred and became something delicious. I could see my cock rise for the ceiling. It throbbed, begging for release. It was harder than it had ever been. Then all at once the whipping stopped.

SHE MASHED HER SNATCH DOWN OVER MY MOUTH. I LICKED AND TONGUED MISTRESS TO TWO GUSHING ORGASMS WHILE SHE SCRATCHED MY SHAFT WITH DAGGER-SHARP FINGERNAILS.

The world has never moved so slowly, never seemed so quiet. Every muscle in my body was strained taut. The leather cut into my ankles and wrists.

Finally Mistress bent over and blew ever so gently up and down my cock. And I was blasting up into the air like a geyser! Some of my spunk sprayed Mistress's cheek, and apparently I had not been given permission to climax. What followed was a tirade of demeaning, foul curses—I was a worm, a miserable degenerate fuck.

She was right. I whimpered pitifully around the rubber ball, and eventually Mistress showed mercy. Unstrapping the gag, she allowed me to lap the jism from her cheek, then suckle on her long nipples. When her breathing grew uneven, Mistress climbed onto the table, straddled my head and mashed her snatch down over my mouth. I licked and tongued that beautiful pink pussy to two gushing orgasms while she scratched my shaft with dagger-sharp fingernails. I got hard again in nothing flat.

When Madam X finally tired of my tongue, she cut my restraints with oversize, cold, metal scissors and ordered me to flip over on the table. She no longer needed to bind me; I was her slave.

From the corner of my eye, I saw her reach for a small wooden paddle. She rubbed it in circles over my ass cheeks for minutes. The friction and heat became intense. I started pressing my hard pecker into the table, I wanted to come so badly. And then…whack!

It was sheer torture. And exactly what I'd paid for.

—E.L.
Portland, Oregon

MEGAN
RAIN
GOOD, BETTER, BEST
PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

When a friend suggested I try porn, I just laughed. I really didn't think I had the right look. I'm too young looking, not a big-boobs, big-booty kind of girl. But I decided to check into it. Little did I know I was perfect for the barely legal look. I work all the time. There's 365 days in a year, and if I could do 365 scenes a year, I would. I'm starting to make a name for myself, which is cool. Getting experience is the only way to become a good performer, and I'm becoming one of the best."

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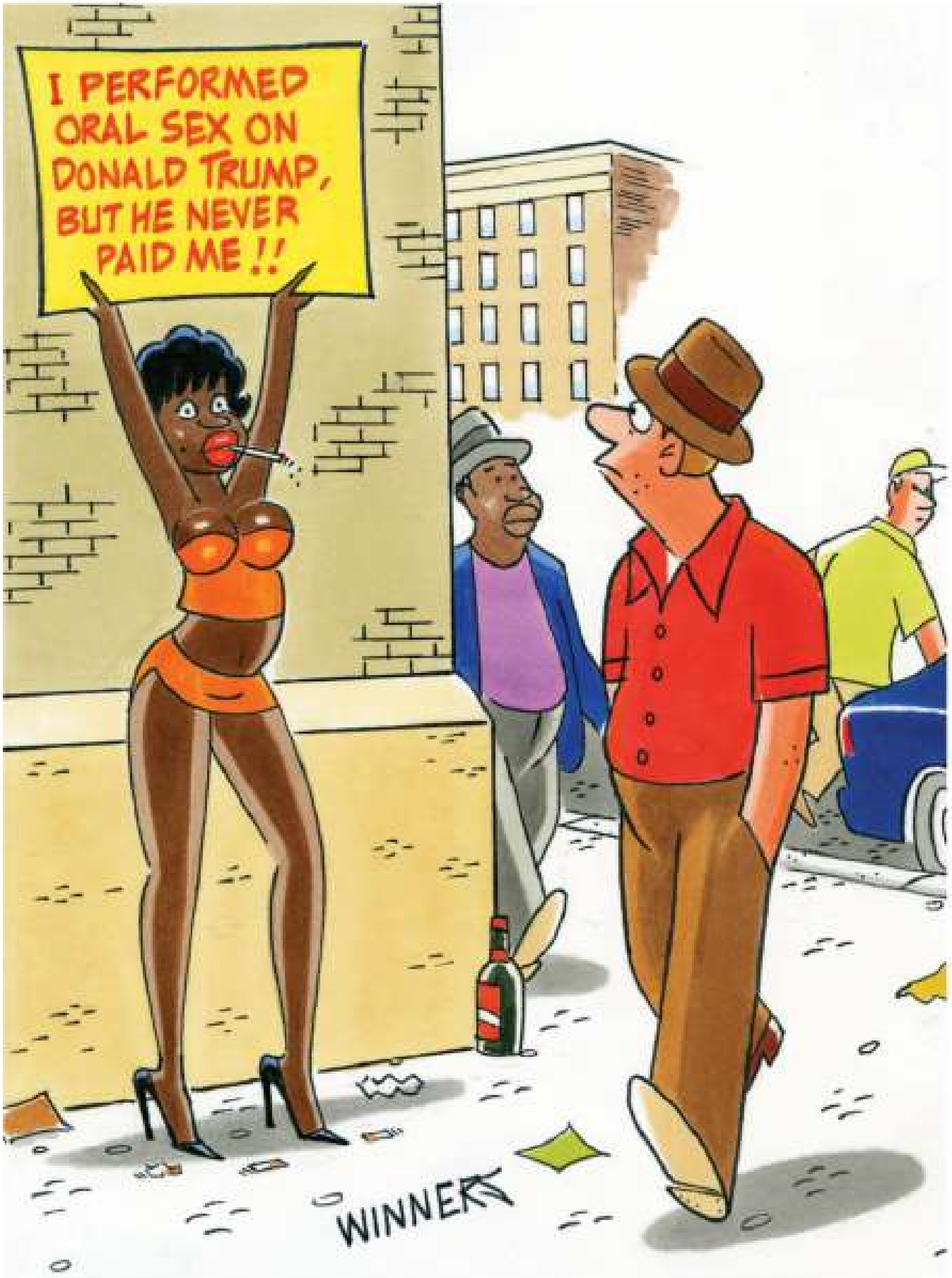
I PERFORMED ORAL SEX ON DONALD TRUMP, BUT HE NEVER PAID ME !!
WINNER

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KIERA WINTERS

WISH LIST

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TAMMY SANDS

Panties are overrated. I don't really wear them—except at the start of a photoshoot. ;) They just seem to get in the way. See, I masturbate every day. When I touch myself, I think about all the crazy places I want to have sex. I actually have a bucket list: I want to fuck on a roof; I want to ride a guy's dick when he's driving; I want to do it in a store dressing room. I'm excited to think that I might be on the list of things guys think about when they jerk off."

KIERA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Meridian, Idaho** | AGE: **23**
HEIGHT: **5-2** | MEASUREMENTS: **32B-24-34**
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THERE ONCE WAS A ROCK STAR NAMED LOU.
OF GROUPIES, HE HAD QUITE A FEW, TILL THEY FOUND OUT HIS JOCK WAS STUFFED WITH A SOCK AND HIS PECKER WAS TOO SMALL TO SCREW.

A woman who was pregnant with her first child paid a visit to her obstetrician's office. After the examination, she shyly said, "My husband wants me to ask you whether or not—"

The doctor interrupted her: "I know, I know." He placed his hand gently on her shoulder. "I get asked that all the time. Tell him that I said sex is just fine until late in the pregnancy."

"No, that's not it," confessed the woman. "He wants to know if I can still pull the weeds and mow the lawn."

Question: How do we know the toothbrush was invented in Kentucky?

Answer: If it had been invented anywhere else, it'd be called a teethbrush.

A schoolboy was asked to tell his class about something exciting that had happened over spring break.

"Well, my mommy fell down into our well a couple of weeks ago," the boy said.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the teacher. "How terrible! Is she okay?"

"Well, she must be," answered the boy. "She stopped screaming for help a couple of days ago."

Jane died and went to heaven. While waiting in line at the pearly gates, she heard terrible screaming and moaning. Alarmed, she tracked down Saint Peter to find out what was going on.

"That's just one of the women in front of you," he said. "They're drilling holes in her back to attach her wings."

Jane got back in line. Once again she heard cries, this time more tormented and bloodcurdling than the ones before. "What's happening to the woman now?" she asked Saint Peter.

He shrugged. "They're just drilling holes in her head for the halo. Strictly routine. Nothing to worry about."

Jane had heard enough. She told the saint that she'd changed her mind and wanted to go to straight to hell.

"You sure?" he asked. "It's brutal. You'll be raped and sodomized."

"That's okay," replied Jane. "I already have holes for that."

John and his wife were fucking one night. Fifteen minutes passed, then 30, then 45. Sweat poured off of both of them. Finally the wife stopped, looked up at her husband and asked, "What's the matter, John? Can't think of anyone else either?"

Question: Why do women close their eyes during sex?

Answer: Because they hate to see a man having such a good time.

A starlet was arguing with her agent. "Of course I wanna be a big star, Lenny, but there are some things I just won't do. Like the porn role that 75-year-old producer offered me."

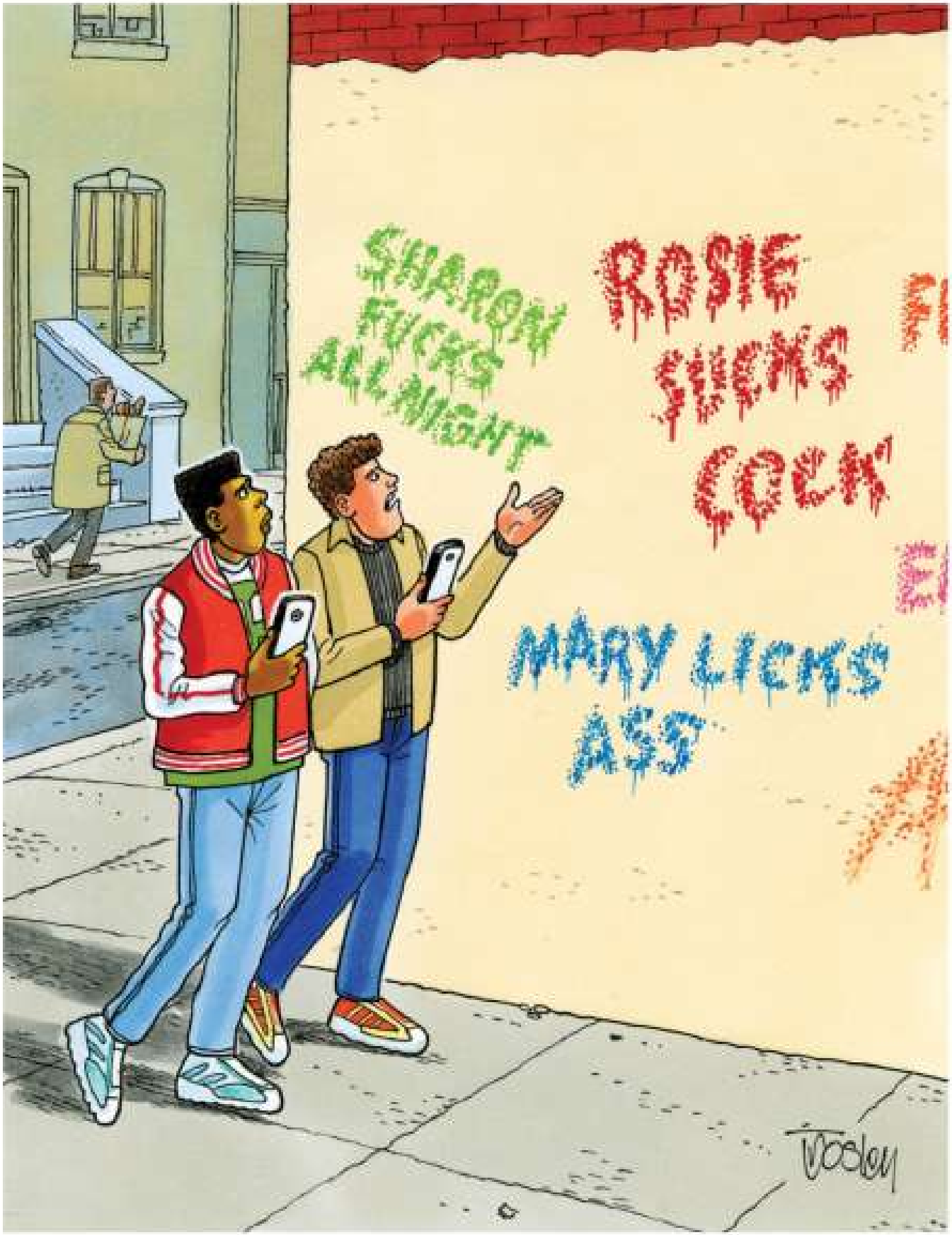
"What did you tell him when he suggested the part?" asked Lenny.

"I laughed right in his balls."

Question: What gift do you get for a woman who says size doesn't matter?

Answer: A two-inch dildo.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-busting lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to HUSTLERJOKE@com.It we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!



"How can we trust the accuracy of information delivered with such primitive technology?!"

MAKE IT RA

THIS GIG IS NO JOKE. STRIP CLUB DJS DESERVE YOUR RESPECT. THE GOOD ONES AT LEAST. THEY'RE THE HEROES WHO TIE IT ALL TOGETHER. THEY DEAL WITH CUSTOMERS AND MANAGEMENT, ALL WHILE TALKING ON THE MIC AND PROGRAMMING MUSIC FOR DOZENS OF DANCERS. BEING A SUCCESSFUL STRIP CLUB DJ IS A BALANCING ACT OF THE HIGHEST ORDER. SOME WEAR PASTIES OVER THEIR NIPPLES; OTHERS BREATHE FIRE. BUT THEY ALL HAVE THE SAME OBJECTIVE: TO MAKE MONEY—FOR EVERYONE.

THE DJ IS AN INTEGRAL PART OF ANY STRIP CLUB ECOSYSTEM, AND PLAYING MOOD-APPROPRIATE MUSIC IS BUT ONE BULLET POINT IN THE JOB DESCRIPTION. ANYONE LOOKING TO BREAK INTO THE TRADE HAD BETTER BE A CHARISMATIC EMCEE AND POSSESS A SIXTH SENSE FOR READING A ROOM. YOU NEED SUPERIOR INTERPERSONAL SKILLS AND A KNACK FOR MARKETING.

GRANTED, A DJ AT A FANCY GENTLEMEN'S CLUB IN NEW YORK IS NOT THE SAME GENUS AS A DJ AT A SWEATY PEELER BAR IN DAYTONA BEACH OR A RAUCOUS VEGAS MEGA-VENUE WITH MULTIPLE STAGES AND A LIGHT SHOW. BUT THESE DIFFERENCES ARE ONLY SURFACE-DEEP; AT THE END OF THE NIGHT, EVERY DISC JOCKEY WANTS THE SAME THING: TO MAKE THE TALENT LOOK AND FEEL SEXY ONSTAGE...AND TO MAKE IT RAIN. HOW THEY DO IT IS A MATTER OF STYLE.

BY JOHN BLAYLOCK

PHOTO BY ADAM MATLOW

THE FIRE WITHIN

ILAN FONG
KAHOOTS, COLUMBUS, OHIO

Strip club DJ is a tough job in any town, but let's face it, if you ply your trade in a city like Miami, that's brimming with tourists and tons of cash, then you likely have an advantage. But what about DJs in smaller markets? Places that aren't destinations, where the locals are your bread and butter? To survive, innovation is king—in Ilan Fong's case, this includes occasional duties as a human flamethrower. Go big or go home, people.

Ilan Fong, 47, is the Rafael Nadal of strip club DJing. The single dad, originally from Pittsburgh, takes what he does very seriously and has the pedigree to prove it: Fong was awarded DJ of the Year in 2016 by ED Publications at their annual Gentlemen's Club Expo in Vegas. He's also a board member and secretary for PANDA (Professional Adult Nightclub DJ Association), which groups together industry professionals and DJs with the goal of "building a network to share resources, teach best practices and work with owners to improve individual businesses and [the] industry as a whole." Their ranks include over 600 DJs, and—here's the best part—they offer a healthcare plan. Let that sink in for a New York minute.

Fong has been at it for over two decades, cutting his teeth in Arizona before bouncing around and finally landing at Kahoots in Columbus, Ohio, where he's manned the booth for over 15 years and counting. A natural showman—he used to sing in a rock band and even studied theater before getting his degree in telecommunications—Fong is not afraid to go that extra mile, third-degree burns be damned.

"We used to do main stage walk-outs, where you would pull all the girls off the floor. So I'd have to keep the focus of the crowd and not lose them as the girls are getting ready backstage. I would have the bar-back come up to the booth and hit play for me while I had the wireless mic. I would get a triple shot of 151 in my mouth, put a wick in a bottle, light up the wick and blow fire—first I'd kill all the house lights so that it really made a big impact," he says, cracking up.

Fong figures if pyrotechnics are what it takes to keep customers coming back, then he'll make with the fireworks. But it's more than just flash, and Fong's all business when it comes to music. "In my 22 years I've never worked in a club where the girls are allowed to pick their own music. I always tell performers, 'Look, I'm here to make *you* money.' And I ask them, tongue-in-cheek, 'Are you here to dance naked for strange men or to make money?' Because it's two totally different animals. Let me play the type of music that's going to maximize your financial potential. They want to hear Future and Drake and all that stuff, but the guys who want to spend money on a hot young thing are 35 and up."

And while lots of strip club patrons fall below the median age, they don't exactly spread around a lot of paper. "The young guys who come in will spend money on themselves getting drunk. Everybody is welcome at Kahoots—but our brand is 'grown-ass man's club.' We're not trying to cater to 22-year-olds; it makes no sense. There are exceptions of course, but the majority of guys that age don't have a ton of money to spend."

So what music works at Kahoots? According to Fong, lots of remixes and EDM, especially after 10:30 p.m., when the place is hopping. In this scenario, "remix" refers to pop tracks from all eras—The Beatles, Bee Gees, Nicki Minaj—that have been pumped up with club-friendly bass and beats, breathing new life into old chestnuts and current bangers. It sounds modern, and pretty much everyone in the room will know the words.

Fong is no jukebox. Any ding-dong with half a brain can cue up one song after another; it takes a special kind of Jedi to read a room and maintain a sense of energy. In this business, *vibe* is a very serious word. "That's why the music is so important—you can really control your room with your music. If something as unfortunate as an altercation occurs in the club, there's a dark energy that pops up; everyone is tense and nervous and not feeling safe. So then I'll make sure I switch to really happy, bouncy, fun music—whether it's '80s or something that everybody knows."

He cares, a lot, and through PANDA is a voice for his industry. Last year Fong cohosted a panel in Vegas on how to be the best DJ in your market, and like so many situations, what it comes down to is clear communication among all parties at all levels.

"I think the biggest mistake in our industry is not including the house girls in what we're doing. When you include someone in the process, they have a much bigger vested interest. In reality, the house entertainers are the biggest reason people come to our clubs. Girls from other clubs will come in, and they've been so talked down to and abused, they're defensive and maybe even a little grumpy, but after a month or two at Kahoots, if they can deal with the structure, they're much happier. We want our girls to go home happy and healthy and not have to do shady stuff. And it takes a lot of work and a lot of talk and a lot of commitment to do that every shift, all the time."

Fong estimates there are between 3,000 and 5,000 strip clubs in the continental U.S., which means there's anywhere between 6,000 and 10,000 DJs. It's a big market, big enough that software developers cater specifically to the strip club disc jockey. Fong uses a program called VirtualDJ 8, which he says is the standard for gentlemen's clubs in 2017. It even has video capability.

On the mic Fong keeps it fun but classy, never talking *at* the audience, but *to* them. "I don't get too crass or abusive on the mic, but I'll make a funny joke and hopefully that loosens everybody up and gets them thinking, 'Okay, the DJ's having fun; I can have fun in here.' It's more improvisation than anything."

To be a good emcee, the trick, he explains, is to sound excited without overdoing it. "Imagine your favorite band, and you just got free front-row tickets and backstage passes—how would you talk

"I ALWAYS TELL PERFORMERS, 'LOOK, I'M HERE TO MAKE *YOU* MONEY'...LET ME PLAY THE TYPE OF MUSIC THAT'S GOING TO MAXIMIZE YOUR FINANCIAL POTENTIAL."

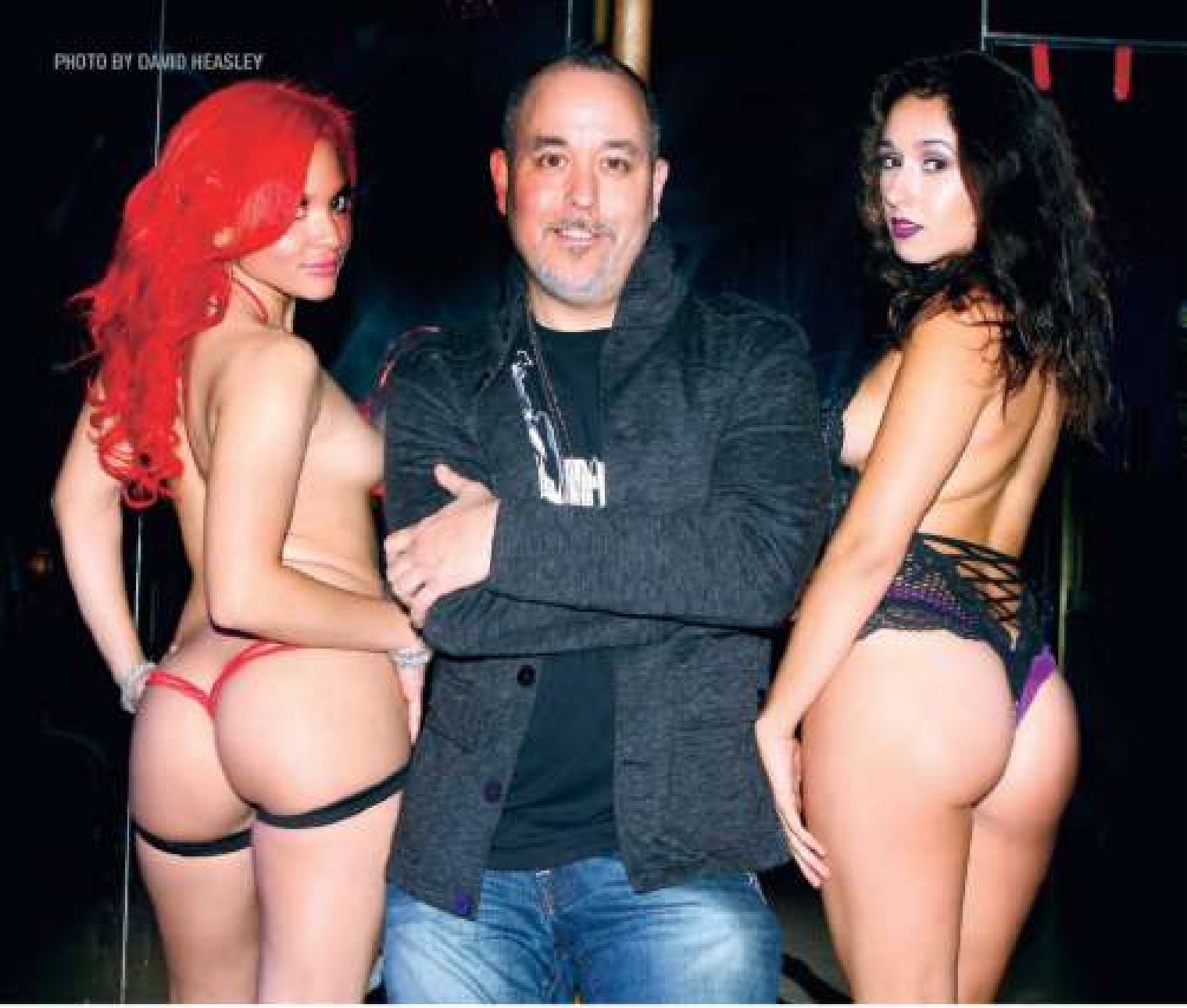


PHOTO BY DAVID HEASLEY

about that to your friends? Sound excited on the mic, but talk like a normal person. For feature entertainers, you really hype and push them, but if you hype and push all 30 dancers, it loses its impact. 'Okay, this girl is the greatest thing since sliced bread—I get it.'"

That doesn't mean Fong has anything but love for his coworkers. He says he enjoys a great relationship and rapport with the dancers, born of mutual respect and professionalism. "It's a partnership, and I do that by communicating and treating them like businesswomen. When you take the time to treat someone as an adult and let them see how they can make more money, everyone is happy."

Speaking of money, how does Fong define "making it rain"? "I don't want to say which club, but I saw a guy spend $130,000 in two nights. He was a prominent pro athlete, so it was nothing to him. He took $10,000 in hundreds—not singles—and made it rain from the balcony down to the floor. So now when I watch people make it rain with singles, I'll say, 'That's making it sprinkle. You gotta throw at least $500 to $1,000 to make it rain, partner.' In some of the urban clubs they'll get 50 grand in singles and make it rain, which is ridiculous."

If cash is falling from the sky up above, then chances are, you've done something right. "You never know what's going to happen. It's great when you're playing that song and you hear the crowd go *'Ohhh!'* and start singing along. That's really it for me. It doesn't happen every night, but those moments are what you're working for and pushing for. And of course, making everyone money. Because it's a business. For me, I'm a performer, and I believe that money comes if you're great at what you do." *(KahootsOnline.com, PandaRadio.org, PandaMembers.org, Twitter: @IlanFong)*

ILAN FONG'S TOP TRACKS

1. House of Pain—"Jump Around" (TBMA remix)
2. DMX vs DJ Lady S—"Party Up in Here" (Moombah twerk remix)
3. Queen—"Bohemian Rhapsody" (B-Sensual & Nolend bootleg)
4. AC/DC vs. Joan Jett vs. TJR—"Ode To Rock 'n' Roll" (DJ Schmolli Mashup 2013)
5. Mystikal (Ft. Pharrell)—"Shake Ya Ass" (JM Skillz vs. DJSkillz-Music twerk remix)

SHE'S A HUSTLER

DJ LEE
LARRY FLYNT'S HUSTLER CLUB, LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

Standing high above the fray in her DJ booth or mixing it up downstairs with a bachelor party, DJ Lee loves her job. That much is clear by her ear-to-ear smile. She's good at what she does—very good—and looks gorgeous doing it.

Lee, 29, is a resident DJ at Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club in Las Vegas. She and her partner hold it down five nights a week and have been successfully doing so for over six years. Statistically, she rivals recorded unicorn sightings. That is to say, of the thousands of strip club DJs throughout the U.S., only a handful are women. She started working for "The Company" when she was 18 and never stopped learning about the business.

"I started as a cocktail server and went on to dancing, then back to cocktailing when they opened up the new HUSTLER Club here in Vegas six and half years ago. I was actually dating the DJ at that time. They had a ladies' night one night a week, and they wanted an emcee to do the show, so I started doing that. Then one of the other DJs ended up getting fired, and I kind of took over his shifts and went from there."

She's caught a lot of crap from meatheads who can't wrap their heads around a woman being able to do what they do, let alone better. Lee has heard it all. "'She only has her job because she DJs topless,' 'Her boyfriend got her in,' blah blah blah. But now that I've been doing it for so long, I think people kind of get it—that I'm actually very good at what I do."

Lee feels that being female gives her a distinct advantage over her male counterparts: She knows exactly what women want. "The entertainers love it a lot. I can relate to them because I was a dancer, so I get along with all the girls very, very well. And when they have girl problems, they'd rather come tell me."

Does she mind being the club therapist? "I feel like they can talk to me more than the guys we work with—which is a good and a bad thing, I guess," she laughs.

As a dancer, Lee had a bird's-eye view of the city's top DJ talent. "I worked at almost every club in Las Vegas, so I've seen some really, really amazing DJs. I took what I thought was best from every one and just kind of made it my own." At the HUSTLER Club she's run the gamut of jobs, management excluded. So as an employee, Lee is indispensable. But she's also an experienced underground club and festival DJ, blowing up dance floors across Vegas with her deep house and breaks sets.

Lee works a heavy schedule, helming the decks at HUSTLER Thursday through Sunday week in, week out. Between her and her partner, one of them is always downstairs, where the party is, microphone in hand, interacting with people while emceeing that night's show. "A strip club DJ is definitely a lot different. You have so many more things to focus on than just playing your music—you have the girls onstage, the crowd. A lot more than spinning records."

On the mic, Lee is an icebreaker, a party starter and that friendly face who will hold your hand and help you hook up a dance with that busty redhead in the latex booty shorts. "When I'm down on the floor, I walk around and shake hands with people. I let them know that if they see a dancer they want me to bring over, I can do that for them. If a girl's on the pole, I'll say jokes like, 'If your girlfriend can't do that, you should be up there tipping!' Silly things like that."

Dance and hip hop are king, while slow jams are strictly verboten—this is Vegas, and the party don't stop till…well, never. "The vibe that they want at our club is more of a party club atmosphere than the strip club vibe; we don't play any slow songs, even at the end of the night. They want us going full speed the whole time."

"WHEN I'M DOWN ON THE FLOOR, I WALK AROUND AND SHAKE HANDS WITH PEOPLE. I LET THEM KNOW THAT IF THEY SEE A DANCER THEY WANT ME TO BRING OVER, I CAN DO THAT FOR THEM."

PHOTO BY ADAM MATLOW

PHOTO BY A CAMACHO PHOTO

SMOOTH OPERATOR

DANNY D CLUB WANDA'S, MONTREAL, QUEBEC

At 67, Danny D looks and acts like a man in his prime. After 25 years in the business, the passion and fire are still there. Devilishly handsome and charming as all hell, Danny is the guy who knows guys. He's a DJ at Club Wanda's in Montreal, a strip club of near-mythical status that has survived, and thrived, for 40 years.

Put Danny in front of a mic, and he can imitate just about anyone: James Brown, Barry White, you name it. It's a skill that helped him land a spot singing in a soul revue called The Best of The Platters. He was 22. "Those guys were all in their late-40s, mid-50s, so I used to get all the pretty young girls," he recalls with a smile.

Those velvety pipes drew him to DJing way back in 1984, when hair was big and expense accounts were even bigger. His childhood, however, was a far cry from the pricey champagne and golden handshakes he's enjoyed for over two decades. Born into poverty in Georgetown, Guyana, Danny's parents had both died by the time he was nine, and he was sent to be raised in a convent. He immigrated to Canada in 1970 amid political turmoil back home, and now has three children of his own—all daughters, whom he loves very much. Their mother, who's no longer in the picture, was less than thrilled with Danny's chosen vocation. "She hated me working with all these beautiful naked women, and I told her, 'Look, I have no academic qualifications.' At the time I was making $1,000 a week clear, plus tips. Baseball players would come in and say, 'Danny, send us five girls,' and then slip me a couple hundred-dollar bills. So I said to her, 'Why am I going to give this up? To go do what? Wash dishes?'"

His love for the job is what made him a fixture at Wanda's, where he combined his skills to create a style all his own. This was back before lap dances were legal, and strippers performed at your table perched on a little platform—a box—placed at the client's feet. Danny would always encourage patrons to buy a dance and coined this line in the process: "You have to get a Wanda's fox on the box." That's money. Danny and his soulful voice fast became a staple at Wanda's. "My style was something new; I consider myself a good marketing guy. In this game, marketing is vital. You'll hear me say, 'When you're visiting Montreal, you've got to keep one thing in mind: These girls are as fine as good French wine.'" He likens himself to a sports commentator, someone who calls the play and whips the crowd into a frenzy. The talking, he says, completes the fantasy. "Back in the day, I had a particular way for describing every single dancer. And when you boost them up like I did, they couldn't wait to go onstage!" Montreal being Montreal, bilingualism is a must. "Coming up next is Yvette—*elle est faite comme une Corvette*." No translation necessary.

The difference between good and great, he says, is equal parts improvisation and sensuality when working the room. "It's the emceeing. It has to be sensual, exotic and romantic, you know? So >>

(continued on page 98)

This being Vegas, you know you're going to run into a famous face or three. And who knows where that will lead? "Me, David Arquette and Jesse Jane all skydived topless a few years ago. I've met David five or six times, and every time he's [at HUSTLER Club] he's in the suite next to me in the DJ booth, partying with me and having a good time."

If you love porn (which you do), then you'll go gaga over the who's-who of adult stars that DJ Lee has worked with: Alexis Monroe, Allie Haze, Kayden Kross, Jesse Jane, Kaylani Lei, Cindy Starfall, Elizabeth Bentley, Remy LaCroix, Katie Morgan, Bonnie Rotten, Joanna Angel, Samantha Saint, Kendall Karson... The mind boggles. "They love me to death."

Then there's the Grand Pooh-bah himself, the HUSTLER Don Supreme, Mr. Larry Flynt. "I've met him a bunch of times. His wife is a big fan of mine. She always comes into the booth and requests Shaggy, so I know every time they're in there to play it for them."

Mr. Flynt's personal suite is flush with Lee's DJ booth, so she's never far from the big boss when he's in town. But is it ever too much pressure, performing for celebrities and porn moguls alike? "I like it. It makes me feel good. Not to blow my own horn, but I am pretty good at what I do, and it's nice to kind of show off sometimes. I think that's why I'm also good at my job: because I do like being the center of attention. I'm a very outgoing, personable person, so for me to be downstairs talking on the mic and getting in people's faces—I love it." *(Facebook: facebook.com/teamL33, Instagram: @shanna_mf_lee, Snapchat: DJLeeBitch)*

DJ LEE'S TOP TRACKS

1. Riton—"Rinse & Repeat" (Alex D remix)
2. Major Lazer & MOTi—"Boom" (Krunk! remix)
3. Galantis—"No Money"
4. John Jacobsen vs. Kung Foo—"We Can Star 2k13" (Purple Project remix)
5. Tujamo—"Drop That Low (When I Dip)"

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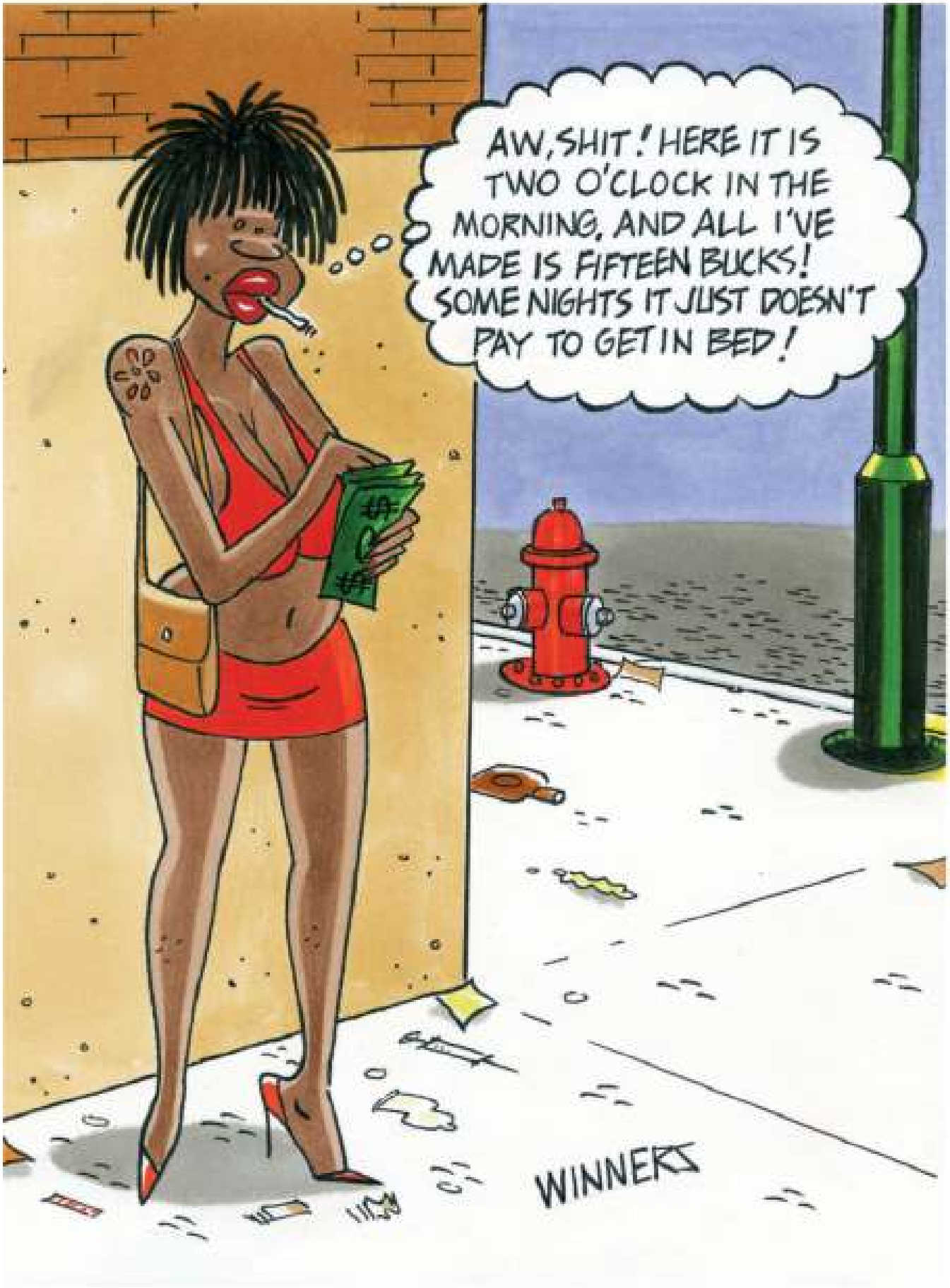

AW, SHIT! HERE IT IS TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, AND ALL I'VE MADE IS FIFTEEN BUCKS! SOME NIGHTS IT JUST DOESN'T PAY TO GET IN BED!
WINNERS

ALICE LIGHTHOUSE

THIS AIN'T BAD MOMS XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: STUART CANTERBURY. STARRING: DALLAS BLACK, ALICE LIGHTHOUSE, JAYDEN COLE, AALIYAH LOVE, DAMON DICE, ERIC MASTERSON & AARON WILCOXXX.

Summer 2016's *Bad Moms* was a perfectly fine comedy, though it lacked one crucial element: a scene where Mila Kunis and Kristen Bell strip down and go at each other's pussy like rabid hyenas. *This Ain't Bad Moms XXX* fills that void. Brunet honeypot Dallas Black stars as Mila, a sassy housewife eager to break free from the doldrums of her humdrum existence. Perky and taut-assed, Black is a tasty bit of boner bait—though with her multiple tattoos and the ink work on her fingers, it's a bit of a stretch to buy her as a suburban mom. Black wakes her hubby for a morning ride, hopping on his beef prong until he serves up his scrotum stew. Still unfulfilled, she takes matters into her own hands later, flicking her bean in the kitchen till she's interrupted by gal pal Christina (Aaliyah Love). Deciding that a girls' night out is in order, the pair cut loose at the club, flashing their mambos while dancing on the bar. The morning after is a bitch, as a hungover Black musters herself to confront Beatrice (Jayden Cole), a walking cunt of a teacher who threatens her son with expulsion. The two work out an oral agreement to keep the kid in school. Forget polishing the apple—Black tongue-buffs redhead Cole's luscious jugs and gleaming girl-gully to curry favor instead. As a pussy-propelled tale of female empowerment, *This Ain't Bad Moms XXX* ain't bad at all. To order, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**.

—Pico D. Ribibi

DALLAS BLACK & JAYDEN COLE

AALIYAH LOVE

ORGY MASTERS 8

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: CHRIS STREAMS. STARRING: KEISHA GREY, KATRINA JADE, JOJO KISS, GOLDIE RUSH, CASEY CALVERT, MORGAN LEE, MEGAN RAIN, JESSA RHODES, MELISSA MOORE, KIMMY GRANGER, LEXINGTON STEELE, PRINCE YAHSHUA, RICO STRONG, MARKUS DUPREE, CHRIS STROKES & MICK BLUE.

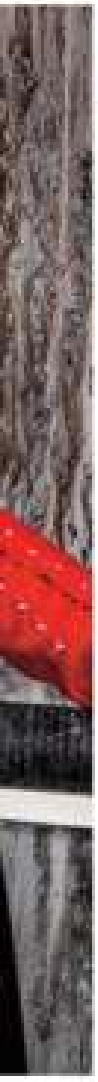
MORGAN LEE, MEGAN RAIN, KIMMY GRANGER, JESSA RHODES & MELISSA MOORE

In this age of racial and political divide, it's heartening to see that we can still come together on important issues, like the benefits of drilling tight, young snatch. There's nothing in the way of concept to mull in *Orgy Masters 8*, just wall-to-wall, prick-hardening action. The first scene features five cock hounds bearing considerable charms: tattooed vixen Katrina Jade's jaw-dropping milk mounds; Jojo Kiss's wide-eyed, whore-next-door appeal; and Goldie Rush's drum-tight dumpster bumps, which clap together in righteous self-applause as she rides a stiff cock. But as the gaggle of twats descends upon a trio of firm-loined black dudes, it becomes apparent that the MVP here is dong-hopper Casey Calvert. Despite her petite stature, Calvert gamely squats atop Lexington Steele and wriggles her sphincters down his legendary lamppost. Not content to risk a case of terminal hemorrhoids, Calvert allows another brother to break into her meat wallet while Steele deep-probes her innards. The viewer half-expects to hear something snap. At the close of the scene all of the orgy girls line up cheek-to-cheek, mouths agape like baby birds to receive their meal of nut nectar. Exotic sexpot Morgan Lee leads the charge next, fucking hard enough to make her tits sweat and taking a four-finger frigging that ends in a gusher of girl jizz. *Orgy Masters 8* features masterful group sex, period.

—P.D.R.

KATRINA JADE, CASEY CALVERT, JOJO KISS, GOLDIE RUSH & KEISHA GREY

KLEIO VALENTIEN



SUICIDE SQUAD XXX: AN AXEL BRAUN PARODY

WICKED COMIX. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: KLEIO VALENTIEN, ASA AKIRA, RILEY STEELE, ANNA BELL PEAKS, KATY KISS, NYOMI BANXXX, TOMMY PISTOL, CHARLES DERA, SETH GAMBLE, OWEN GRAY, LEXINGTON STEELE & ALEC KNIGHT.

Where *Suicide Squad* drew a collective "Meh" from fanboys and critics alike, its XXX counterpart earns a standing ovation in viewers' pants. As always, director Axel Braun balances a fidelity to the source material with the tongue-in-ass-cheek attitude necessary for a porn parody. The standout performer here is Kleio Valentien as anarchic wiseass Harley Quinn, whose mouth is alternately full of one-liners and stiff cock. *Suicide Squad XXX* kicks off by pairing Valentien with Asa Akira's Katana character in a padded room. The two turn in a genuinely passionate scene, with Akira spit-shining Valentien's asshole while finger-drubbing her baby hatch. Akira displays a gymnast's grace, putting ankle to ear in a standing Y as Valentien tongue-scours her twat. Next a team of warped supervillains is assembled to sneak into Arkham Asylum, where Killer Frost (Anna Bell Peaks) and Poison Ivy (Katy Kiss) pump the Riddler (Owen Gray)—or, rather, get pumped by the Riddler—for information. Peaks and Kiss straighten out the dangling question mark between Gray's legs with their tongues, then double-team him in an incredibly athletic threeway. Technically, Frost's pussy would probably freeze the Riddler's prick, but whatever—suspension of disbelief is equally important in comic books and porn. Tommy Pistol's Joker comes off a bit simpering, but he proves his heterosexual bona fides when he and Batman (Charles Dera) take turns in Valentien's glimmering shitpit for a video-closing fuck-off. *Suicide Squad XXX* is a killer addition to superhero porn. **—P.D.R.**

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START ME UP

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
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I love to eat cum. That's just my thing. I make sure I get as much as I can in my mouth. I love it, love it, love it. I don't want it anyplace else.

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(continued from page 35)

Toni threw me down onto the sofa, and I spread my legs wide. "I want you in my ass," I begged him. "Please, take my ass." It was about ten minutes into the sex scene.

Toni fucked my pussy again, and right as I was about to come, he pulled his cock and rubbed it on my asshole. What a fucking tease. He knew this drove me crazy—he knew it would make me beg for it even more.

I rubbed my clit, begging him to continue, as he slowly pushed his cock into my most popular hole. As I loosened up, he fucked me harder and harder, until finally he was just pounding the S-word out of me. I came hard, my holes tightening up once again, and just when I felt my heart couldn't beat any faster, it started to slow down. Both my pussy and ass pulsed, and I smiled, looking up at Toni while my senses came back to me. I tried to catch my breath through my mouth—I always did this thing when I came, when I would hold my breath for the entire orgasm—sometimes it made me feel like I was going to faint afterward. Just then, I felt a sharp pain on my ass cheek. As my body normalized, the pain became sharper—I looked down to see if we were fucking on a piece of broken glass.

ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?!?!?!

"Holy fuck, a bee stung me!" I said in a voice at least two octaves lower than normal.

Toni stopped fucking me, and as the cameramen came out from behind their viewfinders, I plucked the bee out of my cheek and threw it on the table next to me. "What a little asshole!"

Toni's demeanor changed immediately, from sexy lover to concerned husband. "Are you okay? You're not allergic, are you?"

"I don't know," I answered, still out of breath. "I've never been stung."

"Do you wanna take a break?" Toni asked.

I shook my head no. "Let's just keep fucking." I turned to the cameramen. "If my face starts swelling up, just let me know."

"Are you sure, we can…" I could tell Jonathan didn't know what to do.

"I promise, I'm fine. I don't wanna lose momentum." I couldn't fucking believe what had just happened. Could this day be any worse? Why was this happening to me?

We continued on to complete what I believe to be one of my best scenes of all time. Of course, Toni came in my eye, breaking a run of two years without pinkeye, because how else could a workday like that end?

Driving home, I told Toni about what had happened earlier—how I had trouble cleaning my ass, how a marble got stuck, how I was worried he was mad at me, and how as soon as he texted me, the marble came out. I started to cry, feeling I had just gone through a day where the whole world was against me. *Feel sorry for meeee*, I projected with my sobs, hoping he would answer with something like, "Let's just go home, pick a movie you like, any movie, and order some pizza."

"Are you about to get your menstruation?" Toni calmly asked.

I stopped crying, and my mouth opened wide in shock. Normally I laughed when he referred to my period as *menstruation*, but all I was hearing was, "Everything you just said is invalid because you're emotional due to your crazy female hormones."

"Are you fucking kidding me right now?"

"It sounds like you're about to get your *tomatito*," he smiled.

Did this motherfucker think I was going to laugh? Did he think he was being funny? "Don't even talk to me right now," I said in my most serious voice, and turned my body to face the window. What men don't understand is that the reason asking us if we are on our period is so fucked up is not because we are offended that they think we are bleeding out of our vaginas. It's not even because they think we are bitches once a month. It's because by asking us if we are PMSing, they take all the justification out of why we are *really* upset. With his question, Toni had just revealed that he thought everything that happened to me wasn't as big of a deal as I had thought, that I was overreacting, that I shouldn't be as upset as I was.

We got home and I went straight to my room. I took my dinner alone (a salad, yuck!) and went to sleep early without saying goodnight.

The next morning when I went to pee, there was blood on my underwear.

I didn't tell Toni.

TONI FUCKED MY PUSSY AGAIN, AND RIGHT AS I WAS ABOUT TO COME, HE PULLED HIS COCK AND RUBBED IT ON MY ASSHOLE. WHAT A FUCKING TEASE. HE KNEW THIS DROVE ME CRAZY— HE KNEW IT WOULD MAKE ME BEG FOR IT EVEN MORE.

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IN THESE MODERN TIMES, I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY WOMEN CAN'T PROPOSE MARRIAGE TO A MAN!
BECAUSE AS SOON AS A CHICK GETS DOWN ON ONE KNEE, THE GUY WILL WHIP OUT HIS DICK!

(continued from page 79)

that's how I developed my style. I'd look at a girl—she loves rock music, has beautiful dark black hair and blue eyes, and I'd say, 'Gentlemen, this is The Queen of Rock. She knows how to please you, tease you, and she might just be your cup of tea: Francesca!'"

A core skill set is what keeps Danny timeless, unlike the tools of his trade, which have constantly evolved. Gone are the days of vinyl 45s and turntables, first replaced by CDJs (compact disc consoles with wheel toggles that emulate record players), then by software like Serato Scratch Live and VirtualDJ. These days a disc jockey has access to every song ever recorded and can build convenient playlists for individual dancers. All you need is a decent laptop, which plugs into the house sound system. Bam. Party.

LITTLE BOY, I'M SURE YOUR DADDY WOULD GIVE YOU A GOOD BUTT WHIPPIN' IF HE KNEW ABOUT WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO DO.
WHEN I ASKED HIM WHAT I SHOULD BUY, HE SAID, "IT'S YOUR ALLOWANCE, SON. SPEND IT ON WHATEVER YOU LIKE."
WINNERS

"Look, mister—if you're trying to ply me with drinks to get into my pants, I'd prefer tequila shots!"

Rewind to a time before the MP3 was king, when excess reigned. Back in the day Danny's nights were a blur of A-list actors, professional athletes and beautiful naked women. "They all know Danny D!" he beams. "Wanda's was the place!"

It's the place all right—especially if you're Charlie Sheen, out on the town with Marlon Brando and his waning libido. "They were doing something here in Montreal. [Charlie] called me, and he said, 'Danny, I'm bringing over the Master tonight!' And he asks me to find them a nice place. So we put them down in the basement, and I sent over some girls. When I went down to say thanks, I said, 'Mr. Brando, would you like me to have a girl come and sit?' And he says, 'I love your voice! But at my age, son, it's too late for that.' But he was a beautiful man, man."

What about Dennis Quaid? "He used to love coming here. After work we'd go [to his hotel room] and smoke some weed; he plays guitar, and I'd sing with him. These guys are nice people...they're nice human beings." And how exactly did George Clooney end up at the club? "The driver is a good friend of mine." We'll just leave it at that then.

Pro athletes love him—Otis Nixon flew Danny to Atlanta, all expenses paid, and Barry Bonds had his own stool in Danny's DJ booth. Danny tells us that Wayne Gretzky is an unrepentant cheapskate, and Darryl Strawberry had major trust issues, no doubt exacerbated by

"I THINK I HAVE SEEN MORE BEAUTIFUL NAKED YOUNG WOMEN THAN MOST MEN ON THIS PLANET!"

inhuman quantities of cocaine. But the rest is going with him to his grave. "I used to party a lot at that time; I could write a best-selling book if I wanted, telling stories about these famous people, but I would never do that. The reason I was so popular with these people is that they trusted me."

But it's not the stars that have kept him going all these years. Danny is all about the women—gorgeous, semi-naked, gyrating women. It's not a gift he takes lightly or for granted. "When you come in to work, you see 40, 50 naked women, beautiful women. Multiply that by five days a week for 25 years. I think I have seen more beautiful naked young women than most men on this planet!"

Twenty-five years is a long time. And while some things never change—hot strippers are eternal—others, like music, are continually transforming. "Most of it is crap, but some of it is really good. At [Wanda's], you won't hear 'fucking nigger fuck bitch' because paying customers don't want to hear that. I don't play that, and I don't let the girls dance to it. But I will tell them, 'Listen, when you're onstage looking pretty, respect yourself. You're here to make money.'" H

DANNY D'S TOP TRACKS—STRICTLY CLASSICS EDITION
1. Bonnie Tyler—"Total Eclipse of the Heart"
2. Pink Floyd—"Comfortably Numb"
3. Michael Jackson—"Thriller"
4. Aerosmith—"What It Takes"
5. Otis Redding—"(Sittin' On) The Dock of the Bay" (end of the night)

"I must be honest with you, Cathy. I've been married before, when I still lived in India. But my wife was sexually assaulted, so of course we had to stone her to death!"

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE JULY 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

SABRINA

Sabrina, 22, a nursing student from Toms River, New Jersey, is just what the doctor ordered. "I'm ambitious, outgoing and open-minded," says the 5-foot-6 ray of sunshine, who lives up to those attributes by echoing the mantra of every Beaver since Day One: "Nude modeling is fun. I feel as free as a bird when I'm naked outdoors. I guess I should mention that I love skinny-dipping where it isn't allowed." Of course the Insane Clown Posse and Twisted Sister fan does have a few perfectly legal pastimes, namely exercising, dancing, shopping and sex. "I love giving head and doggy-style," the bi babe elaborates, "but I have my best orgasms when I'm riding on top." Sabrina certainly isn't afraid of showing off everything in a skin mag, but we wonder if she has a fear of heights. Her fantasy is "having sex *under* the Eiffel Tower." —*Photos by Kickback Productions*

"I have power over men, and I don't think I need to say why all women have had it throughout history."

KUSH

This "honest, clever and down-to-earth" 26-year-old from Waco, Texas, is a cam model and true-blue HUSTLER fan. "What I like most are the confident, strong and beautiful women who appear nude in the magazine," Kush specifies. "Of course I like the dirty cartoons too." Thanks to positive feedback from admirers, the 5-foot-7 Lone Star Stater decided to follow in the footsteps of the HUSTLER gals she admires: "I've always gotten compliments on my body, so why not share it?" Kush has more to share than her tantalizing anatomy: "I love to garden and plant flowers. Being outside always clears my head." As for sowing her wild oats, Kush confides, "Oral sex is pleasurable for me and a man. I love having my pussy ate out, and after I come, he can stick his cock into my pussy or ass doggy-style. Anal sex is kinda like forbidden territory that needs to be explored."

—Photos by Ron Neumann

"My fantasy is to have sex in the dressing room of a high-end clothing store."

NATALEE

"I'm a hot MILF and wanted to show everyone my body after having three kids," proclaims Natalee, 27, from Buffalo, New York. It's nice knowing that the Rust Belt city boasts more than Super Bowl futility and an average annual snowfall of almost eight feet. Flatwater paddling, running and softball are part of Natalee's keep-fit regimen, but the 5-foot-7 skin-mag neophyte has a far more gratifying way to burn calories: "I always want to be very playful at bedtime, but being a mom is hard work. Some nights I just want to kick back and tell my guy what to do to get me off. Lots of foreplay, not rushing into things too fast, taking his time before fucking my kitty. Doggy is best 'cause he can spank my butt right when I want him to—just before I start coming."

—Photos by Mahalos Chuck

Instagram: @Smokie.666

MICHELLE STARK

Here's a security guard who gets off being watched when she's out of uniform. "Being in HUSTLER has been one of my goals," declares 20-year-old Michelle Stark from Ely, Nevada. "I think I can bring attention to *Beaver Hunt* and the magazine as I work on becoming a well-known cam model." Let's get to know the 5-foot-5 cutie: "I'd describe myself as an upbeat, energetic and bubbly sweetheart. My hobbies are painting and taking road trips, my favorite singer is Pink, and my favorite movies are *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* and anything Rob Zombie or Danny Trejo." Sounding like a seasoned porn star, bi-curious Michelle fesses up, "I absolutely *love* oral sex, especially a good cum-shot in my mouth. One of my favorite things to do is licking off the extra cum that dribbles out of the lucky guy's cock. I also love being spanked, scratched and bitten. Rough sex really turns me on!" Michelle—a "screamer" whose other kicks include dirty talk, anal and masturbating—has a rockin' fantasy: "I want to have sex in the mosh pit at a metal concert." *—Photos by Almost Sinful Production*

Twitter: @VIPSensualSofia

"I am fluent in Portuguese, English, Spanish and the language of love. Or is it the language of lust?!"

SOFIA SIN

"I've always wanted to see myself in a men's magazine, and HUSTLER is a fantastic choice," announces Sofia Sin, 35. "Having my naked body admired by men and women delights me." The 5-foot-5 brunette is no garden-variety exhibitionist: "I was born and raised in São Paulo, Brazil, but I consider myself to be a citizen of the world. I've been to around 70 countries on all seven continents, including Antarctica. Visiting new places and learning about their culture fascinates me." Sofia is 100% Brazilian: "Our women are famous for having a great derriere and being quite insatiable. I must say that I am no exception to the rule and that any man who dates me will be quite satisfied. I'm a very sophisticated, passionate seductress." Sofia's favorite TV shows are *Devious Maids* and *Secret Diary of a Call Girl*, but she's not secretive about her lines of work: "I'm a legal courtesan at Love Ranch North [outside Carson City, Nevada], an exotic dancer in Las Vegas—Sin City is the perfect home away from home—and a professional dominatrix. I love the devious pleasures of fetish and domination." Sofia is also fond of Latin pop music, especially Shakira and Pitbull: "Their songs during lovemaking always turn me into a sex machine." Even her fantasy revolves around music: "I give a nightclub's DJ a mind-blowing BJ in his booth. Then he bends me over the turntable and fucks my pussy from behind as everyone dances the night away." —*Photos by Lance Kincaid*

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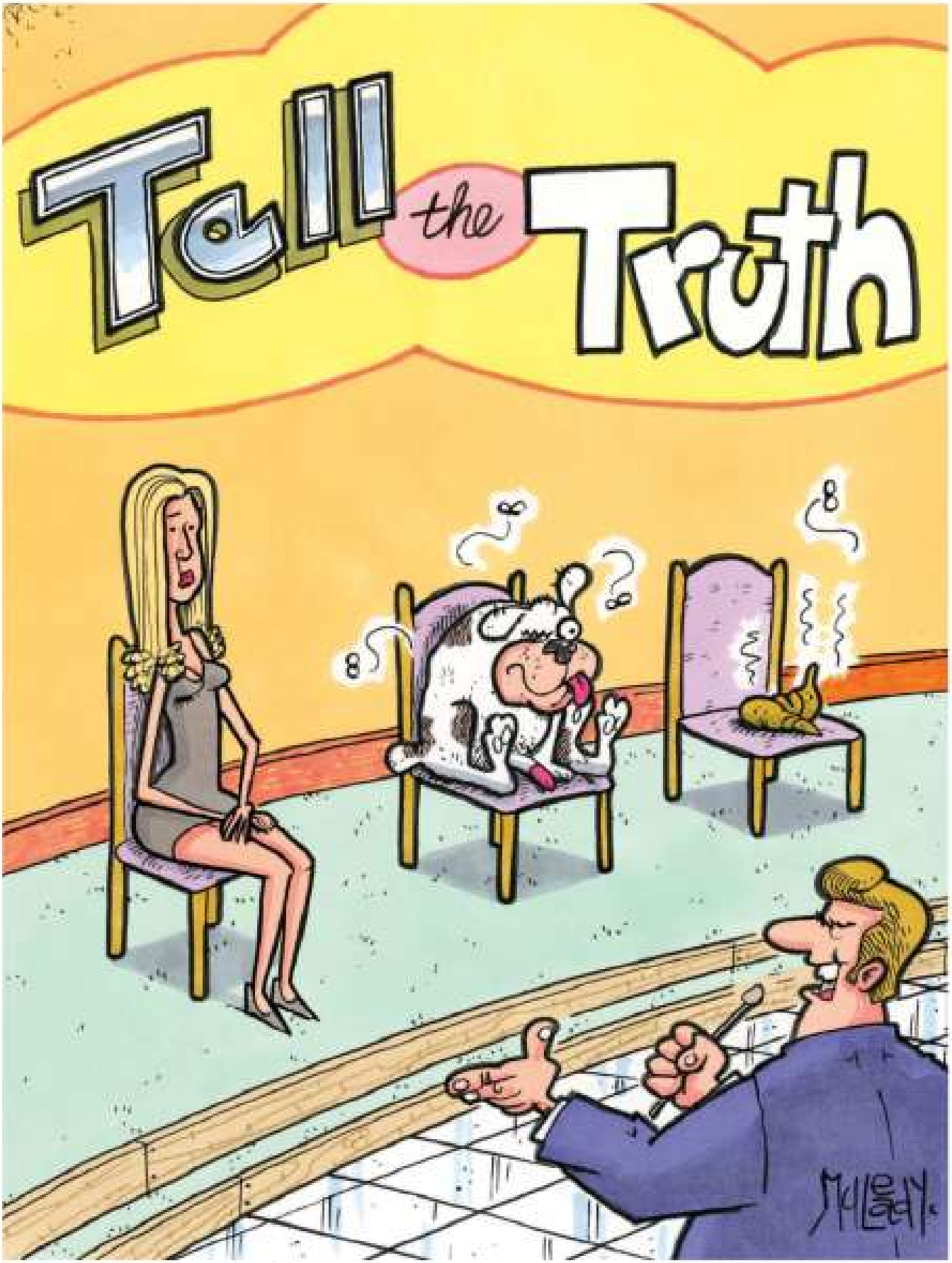

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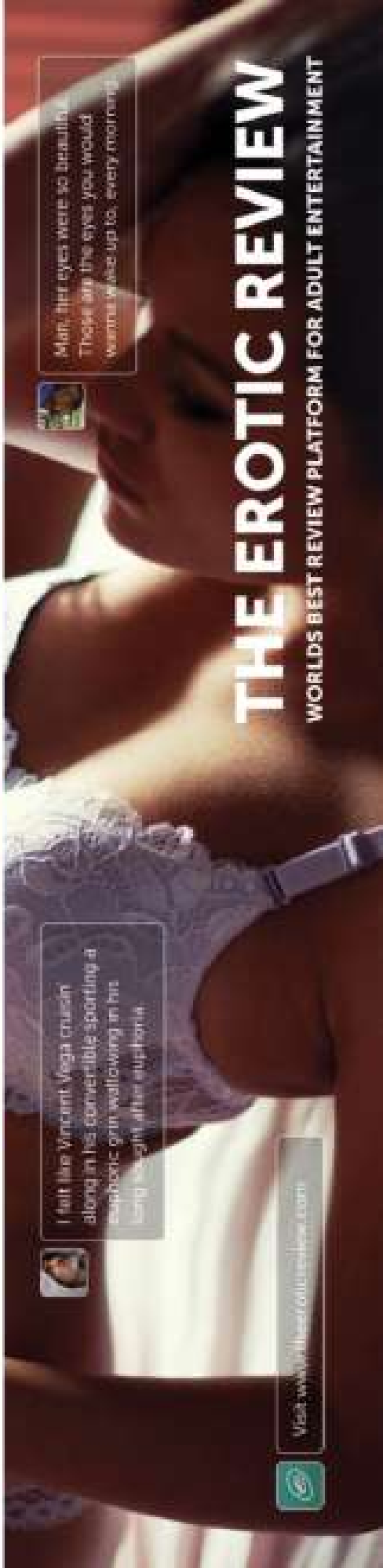
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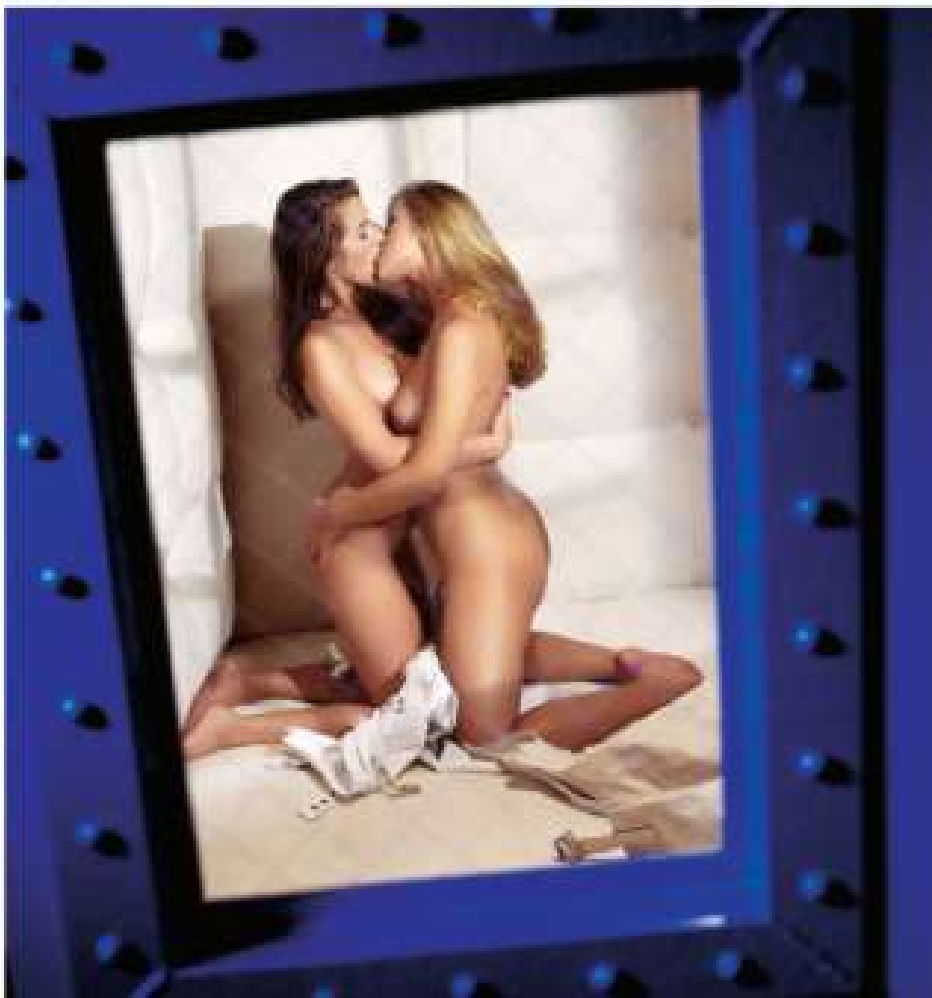


Currently a guest of the state, Kris is troubled by the close quarters in the sanitarium. The amorous attentions of her cellmate, Annie, frighten Kris.

"Temporary insanity, my ass! You're crazy, Annie!" yells Kris.

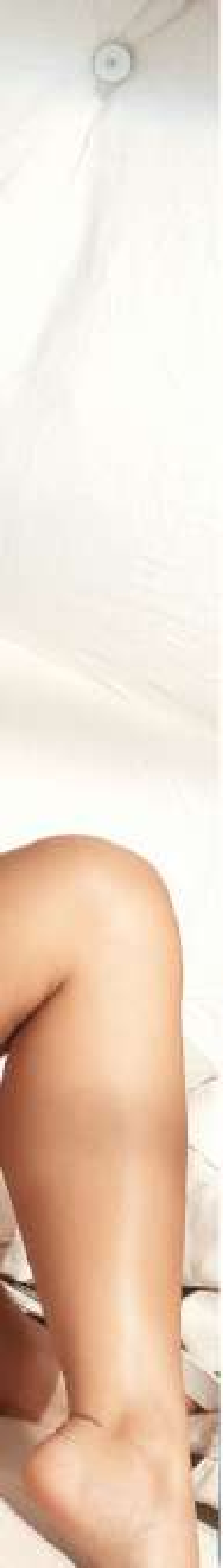
"Crazy for Kris…Kris…Krissy-Puffs," mumbles Annie.

Kris is struck with inspiration. "Annie, if you get me out of this straitjacket, I can touch you."

Annie's eyes light up. "Enjoy life. Eat out more often."

"That's right, Annie. Get me out, and I'll be your filet mignon."

It's a long road to wellness. Annie and Kris will travel it together.



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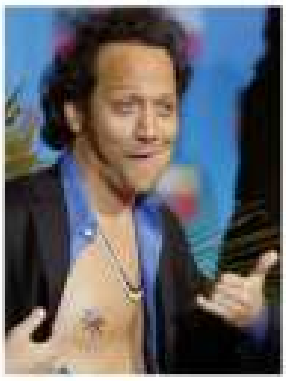

ROB SCHNEIDER

In this fabulously honest, outrageously funny interview, comedic luminary Rob Schneider discusses Henry Miller, his Netflix hit *Real Rob*, hiring a stalker as an assistant and driving around rural France with his dad in search of the infamous Jackie O HUSTLER.

COUCH POTATO

A diet of Lucky Charms, fried chicken, Cinnabon and whiskey does not a healthy man make. Follow writer Paul T. Bradley's quest to slow, alter or otherwise reverse all of the damage he's done to his body. He'll do whatever it takes to achieve moderate health—so long as it's a trendy shortcut. Take the incredible spud diet, for instance...

HOT SHOWERS

Breasts sliding against full, slippery breasts. Pussies that are wetter than water. Soapy, utterly delicious bodies. Enjoy this steamy lesbian XXX photo special. Butt and kitty action, nipple-twisting and toys. Featuring Blair Williams, Keisha Grey, Elsa Jean, Marsha May, Anna De Ville and more!

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Completely edible looking, from the colour of her skin, to the smoothness to the touch, to her shape.....
Yes, I could go on and on.
When she showed up at my room I was paralyzed just looking at her. Beautiful!!!
Man, her eyes were so beautiful. Those are the eyes you would wanna wake up to, every morning.
I felt like Vincent Vega cruisin' along in his convertible sporting a euphoric grin wallowing in his long sought after euphoria.
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